TWO

# BOOKS OF ELEGIES:

In Imitation of

The Two First Books of *Ovid de Tristibus*; with part of the Third.

To which is added,

VERSES upon several Occasions, with some Translations out of the *Latin* and *Greek* Poets.

By *THOMAS BALL*, M. A. of St. *John's* Colledge in *Cambridge*.

*Turba Poetarum Nasonem novit, & audet*
*Non fastiditis annumerare viris.* Ovid.

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THE

# Epiſtle Dedicatory.

TO

*JOHN HARVEY,*

Of *Thurly* in *Bedford-ſhire*, Eſq;

SIR,

*WEre Patrons bound to Defend Books they never ſaw, as Seconds are, to Fight Men they never heard of, I ſhou'd not have Preſum'd to have made You a Dedication; for I am Oblig'd to tell the World of my Misfortune.*

*You never saw one Line of these Elegies, and so are absolutely disengag'd from all Inadvertencies, Faults, and Follys, of what Nature soever. And tho' Men are generally as fond of the Issues of their Brain, as those of their Body, and partially give it for themselves, without Fault; I am not so Conceited of mine, as to think I have writ without Mistakes, tho' there is none that I know of.*

*You may remember, in* July *last, when I made you a Visit about* Peterborough, *I told you I had some Papers of this Nature in some Friends Hands in Town, and wish'd I had had em then, to have taken your Thoughts: Not*

*long*

*long after, I received them, and had no reaſon to alter my Deſign of Publiſhing 'em, at one time or another: Then I ſhow'd them to ſome of my Acquaintance in the Countrey, and ſeveral Perſons agreeing in the ſame Opinion, I took up this ſtill deſperate Reſolution of Printing. It has been a Humour in all Ages, but I believe never ſo Univerſal as now, for Men to think it a Detraction from their own Character, to give another Man his; and when* Homer *has been Burleſqu'd,* Virgil *Traveſtied,* Waller *Criticis'd on, and* Cowley *Condemn'd, no Body muſt take it ill.* Cowley *was a Man of Admirable*

*Wit, and his Writings will Challenge a Reſpect, 'till our Poets are inſpir'd.* Waller *indeed writ with more Art, and was the firſt of our Countrey-men that Affected that agreeable Smoothneſs, which with his large Share of Wit, makes his Poems perpetually Entertaining. But thoſe that Rail for no other Deſign than to be thought Critiques, are fond of a Character they are not able to maintain: And tho' they are a great part of Mankind, they are of ſo different a Complexion from the better part of Mankind, that they have as little Reſpect as Modeſty, and it's no Reflection to be out of their Favour.*

*When*

*When I first began these Elegies, the only Motive to me was my Diversion, and to Persue the Design of Entertaining my self, I Choose this way of Imitation, which admits of more Liberty: And tho' the Alterations are not great, nor many, yet they are too many for a strict Translation. Besides this, I had another Reason, which Prevail'd with me, more than my Ease, and that was* Ovid's *extream Sense of his Misfortunes, in a hundred places of his Elegies: He is so Melted with his Sorrows, that his Complaints discover a Weakness, which is better hid.* Ovid's *was indeed a very hard Case as could be, and it's no Won-*

*der if the Affection he had for his own Countrey, the paſſionate Tenderneſs for his Wife, and Family, together with the dreadful Apprehenſions of the barbarous People he was going to, if all theſe ſhockt his Reſolution, and made him write his Fears; and it is rather to be wiſh'd he had done it ſeldomer, than to be wonder'd he did it at all.*

*The true Occaſion of his Baniſhment, as far as I can learn, has been a laſting Secret, and men of his own time could but Gueſs; the moſt probable Conjecture to me, is, that he ſuffer'd not ſo much for his own Fault, as* Cæſar's, *that he was Conſci-*

*ous*

*ous of ſomething that made* Cæſar *uneaſie; I don't think it was any Familiarity with* Livia, *or* Julia, *that gave him* Auguſtus's *Diſpleaſure, and thoſe Verſes,*

Cur aliquid vidi? cur noxia lumina feci,
Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi eſt.

*ſignify no more, than that he was unfortunately Privy to ſome diſhonourable Action of* Cæſar's, *and he durſt not truſt him at home. Had his Crime been of ſo high a Nature, as to have wrong'd him in his Wife, or Daughter, Baniſhment had not been Puniſhment enough: And had it been* Livia, *he durſt not ſo much as have mention'd her; but we find him*

*in*

## The Epiſtle

*in the ſecond Book of his Elegies, which he writes to* Auguſtus, *particularly commending his* Livia.

Livia ſic tecum ſociales impleat annos,
Quæ niſi te, nullo conjuge digna fuit,
Quæ ſi non eſſet, cælebs te vita deceret,
Nullaque, cui poſſes eſſe maritus, erat.

*But this is ſtill Conjecture, and all the Proofs that can be Amaſs'd of either ſide, amount to no more; and therefore I ſhall leave the Reader to his Liberty, without pretending to determine from any of 'em. But whatever was the Occaſion of his Baniſhment, he was Treated with great Reſpect by thoſe of his own time, and his Writings have been judg'd*

*judg'd very Fortunate, by thoſe of ſeveral Ages ſince. The two* Seneca's, Marcus *and* Lucius, Velleius Paterculus, Quintillian, Cornelius Tacitus, Martial, Statius Pampinius, Angelus Politianus, Eraſmus, Julius Scaliger; *theſe and a great many more have all intereſted themſelves in the Commendations of* Ovid, *and are more than Common Authoritys.*

*And now* Sir, *if you can find any thing in the following ſheets that may Divert you, when Tired with, or Indiſpoſed for better Studies, I ſhall have the greateſt part of my Deſign, and only*

*only want your Pardon for this Freedom,*

SIR,

*Your moſt Obliged,*

*and very humble Servant,*

**T. Ball.**

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# The First ELEGY OF Ovid de Triſtibus.

*He applies himſelf to his Book, that it ſhou'd go to* Rome, *and admoniſhes what's to be done.*

GO to fam'd *Rome*, my Book, thy Verſes ſhow,
A Privilege thy Maſter had 'till now;
Go but Undreſt, Forlorn, Unhappy go.
No Crown adorns a wretched Exile's Brow,
No Garb's allow'd, but what his Sorrows ſhow.

Vermillion,

Vermillion, Purple, that are Fine and Gay,
With theſe, while others Titles flouriſht be,
Your Page, my Book, muſt want the Liberty:
Theſe are the Enſigns only of the Great,
You muſt reflect your Maſter, and his Fate,
Nor be aſham'd of Blots, for all that read
Will know, my Flowing Tears the Blots have made.

Go, in my Words, and Name, Salute the Town,
The much lov'd Place, that I ſo long have known;
If you ſhou'd meet a Man ſhou'd ask of me,
Tell him I live not from Misfortunes free;
If he asks more, be ſilent, let him read,
Leſt you ſhould ſay what's better, much, unſaid.
The Reader may my Crimes perhaps repeat,
And ſay 'tis juſt, he ſuffer'd as he ought;
Be ſure you don't defend, tho' you cou'd wound,
A Cauſe that's ill, Protected, ill is found.
If you ſhou'd find a Friend that ſhou'd Bemoan,
And often weep his much lov'd *Ovid* gone,
And ſoftly whiſpering, to avoid a Crime,
Wiſh that his *Cæſar* wou'd forgive the ſin;

Who

Who e're he is, we wiſh him happy too,
That ſeems to feel the ills the wretched know:
To all he asks may Heav'n indulgent be,
May *Caſar*'s Face again Look Liberty,
And grant the Privilege at Home to dye.
Whilſt my Commands, my Book, thou doſt relate,
The World will damn thee 'cauſe unfortunate,
Exiles are never Witty, Good, or Great.
A Judge muſt weigh the Buſineſs, and the Time,
What Vertue was, may be eſteem'd a Crime,
The Muſe ne're ſmiles, but when the Poet does,
And who can ſmile with Clouds upon his Brows?
In bleſt Security, and Eaſe, I write,
My Thoughts were free, my Verſes ſmooth and ſweet;
But ſince Fates Storms have toſt me to and fro,
Nor at this Inſtant do they ceaſe to blow,
My Mind's as rough as troubled Waters flow.
While I was ſafe, I eager ſought for Fame,
To Wealth preferr'd the Purchaſe of a Name;
But now, my Book, in ſilence ſoftly go,
Thy Maſter's Fame, is like his Fortunes, low.

If

If any one ſhou'd find it's mine, and ſay,
This Book is to be Burnt, or Thrown away,
The Title ſhow, tell him I write no more
Of Love, the Subject of my Books before;
Tell him I 'ave dearly ſuffer'd for th' Offence,
Loſt my Eſtate, as well as Innocence;
But thou, perhaps, wilt look for th' higheſt Place,
Expect that *Cæſar* ſhou'd Applaud thy Verſe;
That thou ſhou'dſt have the Privilege o'th' Court,
And be Careſſt by all that there reſort.
O no! let but thoſe Palaces forgive,
Thoſe Gods Propitious be, that in them live,
No longer Thunder from the Sacred Roof,
The Bolts I've felt are of their Power Proof;
I've known 'em Gentle, and Forgiving too,
Their Goodneſs like their Power, diffuſive flow;
But very lately 'tis they Puniſht me,
The ſad remembrance often makes me ſigh:
The fearful Dove once ſtruck, ſhe always fears
The ſtronger Hawk, when e're the Bird appears;
The Lamb from the Devouring Wolf once free,
For ever after Dreads to be his Prey.

Cou'd

Cou'd the loſt *Phaeton* but live again,
He willingly wou'd own his Pride a Sin;
So having felt the Mighty's fierceſt Flame,
I own my Fault, and fear to ſin again.
The Pilots that the *Grecian* Navy bore,
Will always dread the Danger o'th' *Eubaan* ſhoar;
The Boat that *Ovid* and his Fortunes had,
Their Navy like, o'th' fatal Place's afraid,
Where angry ſtorms a dreadful Shipwrack made.
Beware, regard the Inſtances I've told,
Rather be timerous, my Book, than bold;
What if thy Verſe before the People lies?
The Mean may Pity, when the Great deſpiſe,
While *Icarus* with Wings to fly aſſay'd,
He purchas'd this, his Folly nam'd the Flood.
How to adviſe thee well is hard, but go,
Time, Place and e'ry Circumſtance muſt ſhow,
If a clear Stage thou ſeeſt, and all things ſhine,
Like *Cæſar*'s Face, before his *Ovid*'s Sin,
Yet let your Air be grave, and grave your Mien:
Or if a Favourite ſhou'd take you as you ſtand,
And kindly give you to his *Cæſar*'s hand,

He that first gave the wound, that caus'd the pain,
May, like *Achilles* Spear, relieve the same,
But while you'de help, be carefull left you Kill,
By daring Thunder, that's at present still,
My Hope's but small, my Fears are greater far,
Left you Offend, and so Augment my Care.
When to my Study thou shalt come, thou'lt see,
Some Books, that had their Characters from me,
With harmless Titles most, you'll find appear,
Written before their Authour Guilty were,
But in a Corner dark, and fit for them,
Three Books will lurking, in a Hole be seen;
Fly these as soon as e're their Form you view,
Tell 'em, unhappy *Oedipus* his Father slew;
And if thy *Ovid*'s words have power to move,
Hate 'em be sure, tho' they pretend to Love:
Next you'll behold upon a Shelf, my Book,
Some kindred Leaves, that various Forms have (took,
With these I'de have you talk, and in your talk,
Tell 'em how different from the Man I was, I walk,

When

When Fortune ſmil'd, and all my Thoughts were Gay,
When ſhe ſeem'd fond to heap her Goods on me;
Tell 'em I'm Chang'd, and look like ſome of them,
Am wrinkled, old, deform'd, and ugly ſeen:
I have more Cautions, more I am afraid,
Theſe very dangerous times, my Book, you'll need,
But ſhou'dſt thou carry all that crouded ly,
The Thouſand Fears that trouble me,
Thou'dſt ſwell, the ſtrongeſt cou'd not carry Thee.

# ELEGY II.

Ovid *Prays the Gods wou'd deliver him from the Dangers of a Ship-wrack, and in the Elegy describes the Tempest.*

YE Gods, whose Power the roughest Torrent finds,
Conduct our Ship, half Ruin'd by the Winds,
Why shou'd your Wrath, with *Cæsar*'s, be encreas'd?
One God has Frown'd, another has been pleas'd,
*Mars* hated *Troy*, *Apollo* kind was found,
*Venus* protected, *Pallas* wou'd have Drown'd;
*Æneas* strength in *Juno*'s rage had fail'd,
Had not another Deity prevail'd;

*Neptune*

*Neptune* perſu'd *Ulyſſes* with his Hate,
While good *Minerva*, ſnatch'd him from his Fate.
And tho' we're leſs than theſe in Birth and Skill,
Much leſs, why mayn't ſome God be tender ſtill?
And while one Frowns, another pleaſe to Smile,
My words like Common Air, confuſedly Fly,
The Winds all hope of being heard deny,
And Waves ſcarce grant the Privilege to ſigh.
In vain, I all my Pray'rs to Heav'n direct,
The Gods can't hear, not hearing won't protect.
Ah me! the ſwelling Seas their Surges throw,
You'd think they'd reach the Stars, ſo high they go,
And parting, a'moſt ſhow the Shades below.
All the vaſt ſpace I ſee, is Air, and Floods,
Toſt by the Waves, and Threatn'd by the Clouds,
While different Winds in Murmurs make their Way,
The Sea is doubtful which he ſhould Obey;
*Eurus* his Forces Marſhals from the Eaſt,
When *Zephyrus* ſoon Threatens from the Weſt,
Fierce *Boreas* from his Northern Quarter blows,
While *Notus* Charges, Fighting as he goes.

Our Pilot in ſo dangerous a Caſe,
So odd, ſo terrible a Storm as this,
Is yet uncertain what to make, what fly,
Such ſtrange Variety of Dangers nigh;
Now while I ſpeak, a Proud, Inſulting Wave,
Shows me Death waiting for the Life I have.
My Pious Wife, ſo long my Joy, and Care,
Knows nothing of the Threatning Storms I fear;
Believes my Baniſhment, the only Grief I know,
Thoughtleſs at preſent what I undergo,
Did ſhe but ſee me Riding in the Deep,
The Diſproportion that the Surges keep,
Her Care wou'd double every pointed Ill,
And I, for her, two Deaths at leaſt ſhou'd feel;
This Flaſh wou'd be a Death, ſo long the Flame,
I plainly ſaw the Place from when it came,
The Treaſury where God's their Lightning lay,
To burn the World, when all ſhall diſobey:
Death I do'nt fear, let but the Tempeſt ceaſe,
Diſmiſs the Winds, and ſtrike me where you
(pleaſe,

Happy

Happy to me, the Man that Sickneſs knows,
Or falls by th' Sword, and ſinks beneath his Foes,
The Earth to ſuch will kindly give a Grave,
The Decent Rites of Burial they have;
Their Friends expecting what they wou'd have done,
Are nigh, and ready to perform the ſame,
The Wat'ry People that inhabit Seas,
Can claim no Priviledge, at all of theſe:
Believe me Heav'n, worthy ſuch a Fate,
Beſides 'tis I, that am unfortunate,
Why ſhou'd theſe ſuffer that are hither ſent,
Not for their Crimes, they're innocent,
'Tis I, not they, deſerv'd the Baniſhment.
Ye Gods, whoſe Voices calm, or ſwell the Flood,
Too long an Inſtance of your Power you've ſhow'd,
Your Thunder ſtop, that I may ſafely tread
The Diſtant Shoar, that *Cæſar* has decreed,
Shou'd you reſolve to take away my Breath,
*Cæſar*, he judg'd my Crime was leſs than Death;

He cou'd have kill'd, without your Leave, or Pow'r,
When e're he ſpeaks, the Criminal's no more;
And tho' before his Throne I guilty ſtand,
I never did, ye Gods, your Heav'n offend;
Nay, ſhou'd you ſnatch me from the Waves I fear
My Ruin ſtill, is much, ah! much too near,
My Doom is Baniſhment to Lands unſeen,
Where I muſt live an Exile for my Sin;
The Hopes of Wealth ne're tempted me to this,
Thoſe little Thoughts, I always cou'd deſpiſe,
Nor yet a Rambling Humour, that once ſway'd,
And carry'd me to *Athens*, when unbread,
No Curioſity to ſee the Towns,
That *Aſia* from the Neighb'ring Quarter Bounds,
Nor does my Vanity to *Ægypt* lead,
To ſee how *Nilus* ſeven Streams are fed;
I rather wiſh the Winds wou'd guide the Ship,
Conduct us ſafely thro' the troubl'd Deep,
And tho' I ſee *Auguſtus* Face no more,
Baniſht the Court, Deſpis'd, Forlorn, and Poor,

I'm

I'm Shipwrackt yet, a ſecond Puniſhment,
Deny'd the very place of Baniſhment,
Too great a Favour to be ſafely ſent.
If any part of *Ovid*, Gods, you love,
My Pray'rs your Goodneſs, one wou'd think (ſhou'd move,
Your later Orders ſhou'd the ſtorm appeaſe,
Confine the Winds, and plain the ſwelling Seas,
*Cæſar*, tho' angry, he expected this.
When to the *Pontick* Land he order'd me,
He little thought I in a ſtorm ſhou'd dye;
The firſt ſevere; my Crime I don't defend,
At moſt, I dare but leſſen, what he has condem'd.
The Gods they know, what Princes cannot plead,
No wicked meaning in my Fault I had,
Blind Error led me thro' untrodden Ways,
And Folly loſt me in the wondrous Maze,
But if *Auguſtus* Houſe I always lov'd,
Next Heaven, *Auguſtus* Power approv'd,
If I have offer'd in *Auguſtus* Name,
If I have pray'd a Long, and Happy Reign,

Let

Let my Obedience mitigate my Sin,
The Seas grow calm, the Air ſerene:
Or if I ask too much, and fondly pray,
May I expect my Death without Delay.
Enough: my Pray'rs already reach the Skies,
And mount a Welcome, Happy Sacrifice,
The Clouds are by the ſtronger Powers chas'd,
The Winds allay'd, the Seas already pleas'd,
The Gods I pray'd, by me were ne're deceiv'd,
Or e're provok'd, but always were believ'd.
And being unprovok'd, they've all reliev'd.

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# ELEGY

# ELEGY III.

*How he went from* Rome: *The Concern he left his Wife in, and how his Friends and Family lamented his Departure.*

SAd was the Night, but blacker far my Fears,
My Wife, my Children, Servants, all, in (Tears,
To think the Morrow's too too hasty Light,
Must snatch a Husband, Father, Master, from (their sight:
My Eyes tho' I had wept so much before,
Kept time with theirs, and greedily run o're;
And yet no mind I had to think that I,
Must leave not only them, but *Italy*;

All

All Preparations for the way delay'd,
As *Cæſar* had forgiv'n, and I had ſtaid,
Servants, nor yet Companions did I chooſe,
Nor Gold, nor Cloaths of neceſſary Uſe,
Amaz'd! I ſtood like one by Thunder ſtruck,
That lives, but never can forget the ſtroke,
When ſome faint Dawning of my Senſe appear'd,
My Griefs look'd leſs, tho' ſtill they ſhow'd I fear'd:
I call'd my Friends the very few that ſtaid,
Sighing —— at laſt, Farewell, my Friends, I ſaid;
Friends in misfortunes are ſo rarely known,
I rather wonder'd of the many, I had one:
My Wife ſhe lockt me in a cloſe Embrace,
Fixt her ſwoln Eyes, and preſt me to her Face,
My Daughter that to *Affrica* I ſent,
Knew nothing of her Father's Baniſhment,
Too many they, alas, at Home that ſtaid,
And wept as tho' ſome Funeral they had,
If great Examples, humble Sorrows take,
Such was the Groans, when ancient *Troy* was
(ſack'd,

'Twas

'Twas then, when Night her deepeſt mourning (had,
All things but us, ſo ſilent, they ſeem'd dead.
I fixt my Eye upon the lofty Capitol,
Joyn'd to my Houſe, that's like that Building tall,
Ye Gods that love this Fair frequented Place,
And Temples where your Votary I was,
I was, but never more muſt be, and yet,
Hear me ye Gods, from Heav'n, your other Seat,
Tho' I too late my wounded Body guard,
Torn by the Sentence that I lately heard,
Let Baniſhment if not attone, ſuffice,
To reconcile me to the People's Voice;
Tell *Caſar* tho' I ſinn'd, 'twas Ignorance,
Deſign ne're prompted to the great Offence.
This you can witneſs, and can witneſs true,
Tell *Caſar* this, he muſt believe from you.
Thus I implor'd, while ſtill my Wife ſhe prays,
With Tears repeated for the God's delays,
Till Sobs cut off the Priviledge of Words,
And Wild Diſorders no Relief affords,
Her Breath return'd, ſhe panting lies along,
Prays our Penates, as ſhe'd often done,

But

But they, as deaf, as common Statues ſtood,
Made by ſome Vulgar Artiſt, of the meaneſt
(Wood.
While day advances with a haſty Pace,
The laſt that I, in *Italy* muſt Paſs,
Uncertain what to do, ſo much I lov'd
My Family, ſo much my Country mov'd:
How often did I ſay to thoſe that preſt,
That I wou'd uſe the little Time I'd left!
Why do you urge me? whither ſhou'd I go?
Where? do but tell me what you'd have me do.
How often did I drive th' uneaſy thoughts away!
E'ne to the utmoſt minute of my ſtay;
Thrice I the Threſhold touch'd, and try'd to go,
My mind unwilling, thrice my Foot withdrew;
Often the kind, ſad Word, *Farewell*, I'd give,
And often gone, repeated Kiſſes leave,
O how my Eyes were faſtn'd on my Wife!
My mind obedient, giving all my Life;
How much we lov'd, while Dear Delights
(ſurprize!
How we improv'd each Night with laſting Joys!

Why

Why ſhou'd I go, I ſaid, to *Scythia?*
Leave much lov'd *Rome*, and try the Faithleſs Sea.
Ah cruel Sentence! that muſt abſence give,
For Love, a faint remembrance only leave,
'Twas very hard, to ſnatch me from my better part,
And wound my Wife, by breaking of my Heart.
To baniſh me my Friends, that neareſt ſtood,
Like *Theſeus* Valiant, and like *Theſeus* Good:
Thus while I talkt, the Fleeting Minutes paſt,
Half Words imperfectly my Thoughts expreſt,
I Kiſt, and Sigh'd, and ſadly lookt the Reſt.
When Day broke through the Windows of the Eaſt,
Stars diſappear'd, but *Lucifer* encreaſt,
So ſtrangely, ſo unmann'd, I lifeleſs ſtood,
Nor thinking, ſpeaking, looking as I ſhou'd,
No more my Brains their ancient Uſes know,
Than Legs cut off, without the Body go.
So *Priam* griev'd, when he too late beheld
The *Grecian* Horſe, with choſen Soldiers fill'd;
Like *Trojans* then, tho' much in number leſs,
My Family their Griefs in Cries expreſs,

My

My Wife while ſtanding, leaning on my Neck,
Mixt with her Tears, her laſt dear Words ſhe
(ſpoke,
We muſt not part, I'll know thy lateſt Care,
Shall *Ovid* ſuffer, and his Wife not ſhare?
A Paſſenger i'th' very Ship I'll go,
The ſame far Land, ſhall both our Sorrows
(know,
Love forces me, and *Cæſar*'s Anger you.
Thus did ſhe talk, and ſigh, deſpair and groan,
Repeat again, what juſt before ſhe'ad done,
Till at the laſt, with Hair diſorder'd all,
Wild as my Griefs, my Face a Funeral,
With much adoe, I ſpoke the laſt Farewell.
They ſay, for now no more her Form I ſaw,
Half dead ſhe fell, when I reſolv'd to go,
With all the Inſtances of Horror ſeen,
Diſſolv'd in Tears, careleſs, deform'd, unclean,
Her Limbs the Gods with ſuch Exactneſs made,
Like common Blood, upon the Ground were laid,
Limbs, that the Gods had often ſtood to view,
Form'd by their own, and as exactly true:

Thus

Thus tho' diſtracted, ſtill ſhe often pray'd,
Again, ſhe wou'd recall the Words ſhe ſaid,
Weep her Penates, with her Husband fled,
Then as ſhe'd ſeen me, ( Tears run down ſo faſt )
Spread on a Pile, and breathing out my laſt:
One while her Death ſhe fondly wou'd expect,
Again ſhe'd live, but only in reſpect,
She'd live, to ſerve her *Ovid* in his Cares,
And may ſhe live, live long to eaſe my Fears.
Now the *Ionian* Sea all rough we plough,
Not as the Merchants, but as Strangers do,
Men that are forc'd unwillingly to go,
Bleſs me! what boyſt'rous, ſtrange, unheard of ( Winds,
Blackens the Sea, and ſhakes the quicker Sands?
A Daring Wave, that undiſtinguiſht flys,
Profane, aſſaults the very Deities,
As tho' becauſe, upon our Ship they're made,
The Gods no other place had ever had,
No, never thunder'd from their bleſt Abode.
The Pilot's Horror in his face we view,
No hopes of gaining any Port he knew:

As when a reſty Horſe, a weak man rides,
With care a while, the Pamper'd Beaſt he guides,
But when he can no more his mouth command,
He throws the Rains, and rides him to a ſtand:
Juſt ſo, our Pilot, did our Veſſel guide,
'Till all too little for the Waves, and Tide,
Then like the Horſeman, let's her drive apace,
Without the Rains with which ſhe guided was.
And if the God that Thunders from his Den,
Had not chain'd up an Awkward Wind again,
Much worſe we'ad far'd, for back we went,
Half to the Place from whence *Auguſtus* ſent,
Which made me Pray, with earneſt Accents too,
The Gods wou'd hear me, that *Auguſtus* knew;
Heare me I cry, for once forgive my Crime,
One *Jove*'s enough to Thunder at a time,
Snatch my Departing Life from Gaping Death,
Give me the Priviledge a while to Breath,
And if your Power can reverſe my Doom,
Let *Cæſar* ſmile, and I again ſee *Rome*.

ELEGY

# ELEGY IV.

*To his Friend that had been ſerviceable to him in his Misfortunes: Towards the latter end of the Elegy he compares his Sufferings with* Ulyſſes's, *but makes 'em much greater.*

MY better ſelf! whoſe Friendſhips run ſo high,
My very Life's a Debt, my Friend, to thee,
Well I remember the ſad time, when you,
Officious in the Service you cou'd do,
Advis'd me kindly, and would often Sigh,
And argue ſtill, when I reſolv'd to dye:
You know to whom I ſpeak, I need not name,
This Sign implies as much, as Letters can:

Here in the close Recesses of my Soul,
I keep each Circumstance entirely whole,
And when Pale Death shall summon me away,
The latest Instance of the Time I stay,
I'll breath your Praise, and his commands obey.
For so much kindness, may the Gods bestow,
More than you ask, all that the Happy'st know,
My Fortune still be proud to serve you well,
Dispence her best, nothing of what I feel:
But had not Winds detain'd me on the Sea,
Then I'ad known less, much less perhaps of thee:
Fam'd *Pirithous*, ne'r knew his *Theseus* Faith,
Till his last Act had hurry'd him to Death,
When *Theseus* do's to deepest shades descend,
And dares the Furies that detain his Friend:
Nor had great *Pylades* his Friendships shown,
Had his *Orestes* never Dangers known:
Had not the *Rutili Eury'lus* slain,
No Story of his *Nisus* wou'd remain:
As Gold refin'd by Fire, is purer far,
So Friends by being try'd more certain are,

While

While Fortune drops her uſe of Wings, and ſtays,
Always appearing in an eaſie Dreſs,
Airy, yet conſtant, when leſs free, ſtill good,
While thus, her Fav'rite's lifted by the Croud,
Happy, he lives the general Applauſe,
All is admired that he ſays, or does,
Friends are ſo many, that he only fears,
He ſhall be leſs his own, and too much theirs,
When Fortune jealous of her Conſtancy,
Aſſumes her Wings, and ſhows that ſhe can fly,
Vain were his Fears of all the flatt'ring Crew,
Not one, my Friend, that ſtays or loves like you,
Regardleſs, as a Man unknown, he goes,
And he that cring'd but yeſterday, ſcarce bows:
This from th' Unfortunate, I early drew,
But little thought, that I ſhou'd prove it true,
Not four I'ad left, that wou'd my Dangers ſhare,
Th' other, not mine, they Fortune's were,
Let this ye Pious few, Compaſſion move,
Aſſiſt, nor be afraid my Friends, to love,
No angry Being will believe you ſin,
Or from his Heav'n curſe your good Deſign,

*Caſar* he lov'd, in Enemies, a Soul like this,
Nor can it pleaſe him in his Subjects leſs,
My Caſe is better too, no Plots I've laid,
My Folly only, has my eaſe betray'd,
Then Pray thoſe Guardians that our Earth attend,
They'd Puniſh leſs, when we their Pow'r offend.
If any one wou'd know my preſent Grief,
It's ſo Prodigious, it is paſt Belief,
The Stars are, than my Wrongs in number leſs,
Nor can the Attoms that i'th' Sun encreaſe,
Diſtinctly, all the wond'rous Tale expreſs.
So ſtrange, ſo terrible the thouſands ſeem,
They're more than e're the Melancholy Dream,
Part, tho' uppermoſt, are yet ſuppreſt,
And never muſt go farther than my Breaſt:
Ye Poets, that *Ulyſſes* wrongs recite,
Inſtead of his, your *Ovid*'s Suff'rings write:
'Tis true, he ſpent a certain Term of Years,
And wandring bent beneath ſome Cares,
Between *Dulichium*, and *Troy* he ſteer'd,
This was no Diſtance to be ſo much fear'd,

But

But we, in wideſt Seas ſo far from Home,
Muſt ſail, where Stars are ſeen before unknown:
He always had a faithful, certain Band,
A happy number at his ſole Command,
So much I differ from *Ulyſſes* here,
That of the many, I han't one, ſo near:
An Exile from a pleaſant Country ſent,
Had it been *Ithaca*, I'd been content,
*Dulichium* had ſcarce been Puniſhment,
But *Rome!* from *Rome*, is more than Baniſhment!
From ſeven Hills ſhe views remoteſt Lands,
Awful, with ſo much Majeſty ſhe ſtands,
That higheſt Gods have made her their Retreat,
And *Rome* next Heaven, ſure's the ſweeteſt Seat.
*Ulyſſes* Body, long inur'd to war,
Knew nothing of the Ills, the weaker fear,
So different a Mould from his, is mine,
I've often ſhrunk at what I've only ſeen,
Inſtead of War, my Books, my Care have been.
While *Jove* he breaks his Thunder on my Head,
Had I more Friends, in vain wou'd be their Aid;

A Goddeſs Guarded him with niceſt care,
Snatch'd him from all the Dangers that were near.

And ſince he's leſs, that Governs in the Seas,
Than he that Governs in the higheſt Skie's,
Much better was his Fate, my Friend, than mine,
*Jove* ruins me, while *Neptune* threatn'd him:
But then, think how the greateſt part is made,
Only ſuppos'd, the half he never had,
My Griefs are all too certain, much too plain,
No Fable do's embelliſh ought that's mine.
Beſides: At laſt he reach'd his Houſhold Gods,
Pray'd his Penates in their old Abodes,
But I can never hope *Ulyſſes* Place,
Till *Cæſar* ſmiles, and Heaven thunders leſs.

---

ELEGY

# ELEGY V.

*He writes to his Wife, and takes Occaſion to Commend the Conſtancy of her Affection, Compares her with the beſt of her Sex, but excuſes his Inability in Writing, while he is ſtill Wrack'd by his Misfortunes.*

APollo *Lydia* lov'd, but not as I,
My Deareſt Wife, have always, Child, (lov'd thee,
*Philetus* tho' his Nymph, and Song, Divine,
Lov'd not his *Battis*, with a Love like mine,
You ſo entirely have each part of me,
That my Affection almoſt merits thee,
But ah my Injuries! and yet I find,
You ſmile, my Dear, tho' all the World's unkind,
Your

Your Prudence guards me from ſevereſt Foes,
That think, my Freedom e'nt enough to loſe,
Men that wou'd Rob me of my Life, Eſtate,
And all the Goods I ever valu'd yet.
As a Devouring Wolf, by Hunger Led,
Ranges the Field, and eager thirſts for Blood,
When he eſpies, Ungarded, from afar,
Some Sheep, that have eſcap'd their Shepherd's care,
He takes his Prey, nor will the weakeſt ſpare,
Or as a Vulture Hovering to ſeize,
Some wretched Carkaſs, that unbury'd lies,
So did theſe ſtrive, by Force to ruin me,
While guarded ſtill on e'ry ſide by Thee,
*Hector*'s *Andromache*, of Old ſo Fam'd,
Muſt not be mention'd, Dear, when you are nam'd,
She wept her *Hector*, whom *Achilles* ſlew,
Paid the accuſtom'd Rites that Widdows do,
But living, never cou'd oblige like You.
Good *Laodamia* they ſo much Boaſt,
Was never known till ſhe her Husband loſt.

Had

Had you been *Homer*'s Wife, ſo good a Theme,
Had made his Lines, tho' ſtrong, more perfect ſeem,
*Penelope* her ſelf much leſs had own'd,
She at the moſt, had been but ſecond found,
Whether indulgent Nature gave you this,
Fond to Compoſe ſo great, exact a piece,
Or if a leſs than Heaven we admit,
Some Pious Matron made you ſo compleat,
I cannot tell, ſo very great's your ſhare,
My wrongs are fewer, than your Virtues are,
Alas, my Verſe is all too weak, too ſmall my Skill,
To paint the thouſand Graces I won'd tell,
Was but my Mind as undiſturb'd, and free,
Eaſie, my Dear, as you have known it be,
Generous, I'd give you then the higheſt Place,
Set you with Heroins of the niceſt Race,
And make the wondring World, at once confeſs,
The greateſt, and the beſt of them, much leſs,
And tho' my Verſe this luſtre cannot give,
Yet in my Numbers you ſhall Ages live.

ELEGY

# ELEGY VI.

*To his Friends that us'd to wear his Picture, engraven upon Golden Plates.*

YOu that my Picture fondly us'd to wear,
That Inſtance of your Friendſhip you (may ſpare,
However, take the Ornaments away,
The Ivy that I wore, is much too gay,
Such a Poetick, Airy Garb as that,
Becomes the Happy only, and the Great,
Whoſe better Stars ſtill guard 'em from ill Fate,
Not ſuch as I, that ſink beneath the weight:
Methinks I ſee ſome Friend, concern'dly ſtand,
Viewing the Golden Image in his Hand,

And

And often crying as he walks along,
Heavens! how far my Dear Companion's gone!
'Tis kind, but ſuch their *Ovid* better ſee,
When they behold him in his Poetry,
The lively'ſt Image that the Wretched know,
This paints themſelves, and their Misfortunes too,
Read my chang'd ſhapes, tho' there is ſcarce a thought,
Good as deſign'd, and finiſht as it ought,
No ſooner was the fatal Sentence Read,
But all my Art, was with my Freedom fled,
Imperfect thus, what I'ad with pains begun,
I burnt the ſcatter'd Papers that I'ad done,
As *Theſtius*, is ſaid, to burn her Son.
And yet methoughts 'twas very hard, that they,
Shou'd feel the flames, that cou'd not diſobey,
But ſo it was, partly indeed, in ſpite,
To the firſt Muſe, that flatter'd me to write,
Till by Degrees, the Tribe my Ruin prove,
Falſly perſwading me to write of Love,
And partly, 'cauſe they rude, and naked lay,
Artleſs, and nothing what they were to be,

But ſince they've ſtole the Preſs, may they ſucceed,
Admoniſh, and Delight my Friends, that Read,
Tho' Criticks, they may damn 'em by a Law,
They ſhou'd be tender, that the Reaſon know,
As when an Artiſt wants the laſt beſt Stroak,
Tho' he with Pains may have abundance ſtruck,
His great Deſign, muſt yet unhappy look,
Thus all my Lines, the lateſt Pencil want,
Still to refine, before abroad they're ſent,
But place theſe Verſes, with the Foremoſt Line,
And theſe will ſhow they're born a'fore their time.
Be kind and gentle, whoſoe'r thou art,
Don't you too nicely view an Orphan's Part,
Snatch't from his Parent's Funeral in haſt,
Kickt into th' World unlick't, by much too Faſt,
What tho' we Judgment want, we've Innocence,
And this in Infants is a good Defence,
The Poet's Muſe in better Times may ſmile,
And he your Kindneſs own, and you his Skill.

ELEGY

# ELEGY VII.

*He Complains of an Acquaintance, that after a long Familiarity, had given him ſome reaſon to ſuſpect his Friendſhip.*

BAck from the Seas ſhall Rolling Waters run,
And viſit Fountains where they firſt begun;
The Char'oteer ſhall drive an unknown way,
Riſe in the *Weſt*, and change the preſent day:
The Earth admit of Stars all ſpangl'd be,
And Ploughs ſhall make deep Furrows in the Sky:
The Elements ſhall change their wonted ſtate,
Water ſhall burn, and Fire like Water, wet:

All

All this, tho' ſtrange, I Propheſie, ſince you
Prove falſe, I've known ſo long, and thought ſo true,
Lord! That a Man cou'd ſo regardleſs ſtand!
Fooliſhly Fearful, to aſſiſt his Friend,
Nay, not ſo much as decently to ſigh,
Or ſhow the common Signs of Sympathy,
Was ſuch a ſtrange, unheard Stupidity!
That you, the Sacred Name of Friend ſhou'd hate,
And all the Offices of Kindneſs quit!
What if you had a well-bred Viſit paid?
And lookt, and talkt, as other Courtiers did,
Offer'd ſome Reaſons to allay my Grief,
This had ſeem'd kind, and that is ſome Relief,
Tho' your ſincerity cou'd give no Tears,
You might have Flatter'd with affected Pray'rs,
However, at the leaſt, you might have ſay'd,
Farewell, I'm ſorry, as the People did,
Some that were Strangers, and no ways alli'd,
Did more than this, affectionately cry'd,
Then, how much more, might I expect from you,
That call'd me Friend, and all my Secrets knew,

The

The Dear Companion of my tender Hours,
My Goods, my ſelf, my very Soul was yours;
How bleſt I was, when *Rome* firſt ſhowed me you,
Brought us acquainted, made me think you true,
Has your repeated Oaths no force to bind?
All general, and common as the Wind,
Sure *Rome*, the great good Place I leave,
Cou'd ne'r nurſe you, no Monſters ſhe can have,
Rather ſome Rock within the *Scythian* Sea,
Damn'd for a thouſand Murders e'ery day,
Where Female Tygers Nurſt you at their Breaſt,
Found you a Man, but Chang'd you to a Beaſt.
But ſtill there's one way left, and only one,
Freely to own the Injuri's you'ave done,
By this, tho' late, you may oblige me ſo,
I may commend you, as I blame you now.

D ELE-

# ELEGY VIII.

## To his Friend.

*He shows him the Levity of the Vulgar, how meanly they attend upon Fortune, and withdraw their Services in Affliction: He takes Occasion to Commend his Friend, for several Qualifications, and concludes the Elegy with an Instance of his Friendship.*

MAy you live long, my Friend, and always (well,
Know nothing of the Ills the wretched (Feel,
And tho' my Pray'rs, for me, the Gods despise,
The same, for you, may Mount a Sacrifice.

While

While Fortune's yours, a Croud will hov'ring be,
Fondly Commending all they hear, and ſee;
No ſooner do's the Fickle Goddeſs Frown,
But all your Paraſites, my Friend, are gone:
As Doves for new built Houſes do prepare,
While Ruin'd Towers all neglected are,
As gath'ring Ants to crouded Barns do come,
So do's the Vulgar to the Richeſt Run:
As in the Sun your Shadow do's Attend,
And Walks, and Turns, and Cringes as you Bend,
But when a Cloud appears, the Patt's no more,
Tho' it ſeem'd more than half of you, before:
So vulgar Souls will Dance to Fortune's Light,
A Cloud once ſpread, they Vaniſh out of ſight.
Heav'n knows my Soul! I very often ſigh,
And paſſionately Pray the Gods for Thee,
That theſe may all, my Friend, ſeem falſe to you,
Tho' I by ſad Experience find 'em True:
While I was Proſperous, as others great,
What Crouds, for Favours, wou'd my Houſe (beſet,

The Building ſtruck, the Wary People Fly,
By one conſent, avoiding what was nigh,
Nor do I Wonder, that they Thunder Fear,
Whoſe fiery Bolts, the ſtrongeſt eas'ly Tear:
Yet *Cæſar*, in adverſity has ſaid,
That Man's the beſt that by his Friend has ſtay'd:
When good *Oreſtes* Worth fierce *Thoas* knew,
He Prais'd the Love in *Pylades* he ſaw:
*Hector*, he often *Patroclus* approv'd,
Tho' he his Enemy *Achilles* lov'd:
When *Theſeus* waited on his Friend in Death,
*Pluto* cou'd ſcarce believe ſo great a Truth,
Convinc'd, he Mourn'd, and pitty'd him that Fell,
Crying himſelf, to ſee them love ſo well.
Alas, how Few my juſt Complaints, do move!
How few in *Rome*, like thoſe of old, that Love!
So vaſt my Grief, ſo very much my Fears!
So Boundleſs are my ever falling Tears!
That did not you the mighty Torrent ſtay,
The Gath'ring Flood wou'd Threaten like a Sea,

You that have Courage to be Good, that Dare,
In greateſt Dangers, for your Friend appear,
Not meanly mov'd, as ſordid Spirits are.
Nor is your Judgment than your Courage leſs,
Your Eloquence as well as Virtues Pleaſe,
When you Defend, the Niceſt muſt Applaud,
Your Cauſe, your Words, your Thoughts ſo very good,
Eas'ly I can, your Growing Fortune Read,
Some Greatneſs yet, as I have often ſayd,
No ſuperſtitious Omens tell me this,
Tokens that fond, miſtaken Zealots pleaſe,
My Reaſon's all the Augury I know,
By this, no other Prodigy, I go;
By this inſtructed, Happineſs I give,
Joy of the Preſent, and the Future Goods you'll have,
The ſmall Pretence I early had to Wit,
Ruin'd my Fortunes when I came to Write;
Your better Arts, not like my Trifling Skill,
Has rais'd your Honour, and muſt raiſe it ſtill;

But yet you know, I ne'er was ill inclin'd,
My Thoughts were Salli's of a youthful Mind;
My Manners were not like my Verſes, looſe,
And Love, I only for Diverſion Chooſe,
Then ſince you can excuſe me, juſtly too,
Defend me ſtill, as I have heard you do.

# ELEGY IX.

*In Praiſe of his Ship, with ſome ſhort Account of his Voyage.*

JUſtly I Praiſe my Ship, ſo good, ſo fine,
She bears *Minerva*'s Name, as well as mine,
So apt to ſail, ſhe moves with any Wind,
And haſty, leaves deſerted Shores behind,
Proudly ſhe ſcorns, but juſt to overcome,
But reaches thoſe that long have been from Home,

Deſy's

Defy's the ſtrongeſt Billows, when they Beat,
And Foaming, all their wonted Force repeat:
I Boarded her, when I to *Corinth* came,
And long without a Change I kept the ſame;
Thro' many Dangers I have ſafely ſteer'd,
Always entreating *Pallas*, when I feard,
And now I hope to Make the diſtant Land,
The *Getick* Coaſt, *Auguſtus* do's command;
She bore me once, through boyſt'rous, troubled (Seas,
A long, and mighty dang'rous Way to Paſs,
When ſtanding to the Lefr, (we ſhunn'd before)
With much adoe we made the *Imbrian* ſhore,
Then with a gentle Wind, and calmer Sea,
She eas'ly Touch'd at *Samos* in her Way;
O' th' other hand, there ſtands a lofty Wood,
Fam'd for its Growth, and for it's neighb'ring (Flood,
Here I the wide *Biſtonian* Fields ſurvey,
Walking a Foot, while ſhe puts off to Sea,
From *Helleſpont*, *Dardania* ſhe Gain'd,
And *Lampſacus*, for her *Priapus* Fam'd,

Then to the Seas, the ſame *Leander* Croſst,
When Beauteous *Hero* urg'd him to be Loſt,
From hence, ſhe had Fair *Cyzicon* in view,
So famous for the Arts her People knew;
Thence to *Byzantium* ſhe Bore away,
Where we behold two Seas within one Bay,
And now, *Minerva*, grant that ſhe may Paſs,
Thoſe Moving Iſles that lye upon the Seas,
Next let her reach the *Thynnian* Bay, and Fall,
'Till ſhe comes near *Anchialus* high Wall,
Then ſhe *Meſembria*, and *Odeſus* muſt Make,
And view ſome Towers for their *Bacchus* ſake,
And thoſe *Alcathous*, when Wandring, Made,
With all the Houſhold Gods he had,
So to *Miletus*, where's the Place I'm ſent,
To end a weary Life in Baniſhment,
And if I ſafely tread th' expected ſhore,
I'll Sacrifice a Lamb to *Pallas* Pow'r,
Heav'n knows we cann't at this time Compaſs more.
And you two Brothers, you this Iſland Prays,
Conduct us in our double, diffrent ways,

Let

Let one the *Euxine* make with happy Gales,
While the other to *Biſtonia* ſails,
Let Winds Convey us to the Place we wou'd,
Tho' diffrent both, yet both have very good.

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# ELEGY X.

*This is an Apology for the fore-going Elegies, the whole Book being made during the Fatigue of his Travels, which he urges in Excuſe.*

THere's not a Letter, Reader, but I writ,
Unhappily purſuing my ill Fate;
I writ it moſt in cold *December*'s Froſt,
While the *Adriatick* with her Billows Toſst,
The reſt I Finiſh'd when the *Iſthmus* paſst,
We all took Ship again, and ſail'd in haſte,

So

So odd a Thought, amaz'd the *Cyclades*,
To ſee a Poet writing on the Seas;
I Wonder'd too, the Patience of my Muſe,
That in a Storm, ſhe ſhou'd not then Refuſe,
The Waves, alas, had never been her uſe.
The World may call it Madneſs, what they pleaſe,
But this I know, my Verſes gave me eaſe,
Tho' Threatning Signs they dreadfully appear'd,
And Waters in Diſorder ſhow'd they Fear'd,
Sometimes the Ship ſeem'd Bury'd in the Sea,
Still I writ on, the very Lines you ſee;
When *Boreas* with all his Force prevails,
Stretches our Cables, Ruffling all our Sails,
While Waters, parting by the Storm's command,
Roll into Hills, like higheſt Heaps of Sand,
Or rather, Taller Mountains on the Land.
The Pilot 'ffrighted, thoughtleſs of his Art,
Begins to Pray, a very awkard Part;
With much a doe, half words he ſtammering ſaid,
And Promis'd all the Gods he wou'd be good;

The Gods, regardleſs, won'd not take his Word,
Nor any Comfort for his Pray'rs afford:
All things lookt Ghaſtly that I heard, and ſaw,
While ſtill Death's Image kept within my view,
When various Thoughts were ſtrugling in my Mind,
I Pray'd, I Fear'd, my Fears, my Pray'rs inclin'd,
One while I'd Pray to make the diſtant Land,
Then I'de in haſte recall that Pray'r again,
Tho' Heaven knows, I fear'd the Winds and Sea,
Yet ſtill the Land, ſeem'd fiercer much than they,
At Home, where Tempeſts only make a Noiſe,
There, ah there! at *Rome*, I 'ad Enemies,
What muſt I then in unknown Nations find,
Monſters in Nature, rude, Il-bred, unkind,
Theſe Terms too mild, and favourably run,
For Creatures, only in their Likeneſs, Men,
Whoſe chiefeſt Art's a barbarous Delight,
Some knowledge in the Battels that they Fight:
Beſides, to theſe with Diſrepute I go,
Baniſh'd by *Cæſar*, to at Home a Foe:

Theſe

These Thoughts, a Storm within my Breast had made,
The other might, this never cou'd be laid.
Now Reader, if you're generous, and good,
If you can Pardon, as a Reader shou'd,
My Faults in this Disorder you will Pass,
Think on the Time, each Circumstance of Place,
Think too, that I have more Correctly Writ,
When safe on Land, in Arbours I have sate,
My Body ne'er was us'd to Frosts like these,
Nor was I e'er in Winter on the Seas,
And now I'm there by much to soon I find,
But grant ye Gods, you Gods that once were Kind,
The Winds, and Frost, may with my Verses end.

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*The End of the First Book.*

# The Second BOOK OF Ovid de Triſtibus IMITATED.

## To *Auguſtus Cæſar.*

URg'd by my Fate, I write, again I Try,
As tho' the Muſes had not Ruin'd me,
'Twas they Perſwaded, *Cæſar*, what you Read,
And thought my Life was like my Verſes, lewd;
Had I been Wiſe, I 'ad Hated 'em at firſt,
The Learned Siſters, as the Poets boaſt,
A Rhiming Crew, their ſmiles, like a Diſeaſe,
Quickly Confound their very Votary's;

This

This I have often known, and yet poſſeſt,
To theſe I fly, of theſe alone ſeek Reſt:
So beaten Fencers, Challenges repeat,
And give their Mangl'd Bodies to be bit,
So Shipwrack't Veſſels, plough the ſwelling Main,
And dare the very ſelf-ſame Rocks again:
Leſs may my Dangers be, rather like him,
He that was heal'd and wounded with the ſame,
My Muſe that mov'd the great *Auguſtus* ſo,
May ſhe the ſame *Auguſtus* ſoften now,
The Gods, they ſay, in numbers ſooneſt hear,
And always anſwer firſt a Poet's Pray'r,
So, *Cæſar* made the *Italian* Matrons bow,
In Numbers offer, what their *Opis* knew;
So, *Phœbus* was addreſs'd in apteſt Plays,
Nor did *Apollo* ſcorn the Poet's Bays,
By theſe Examples, *Cæſar*, may you go,
If it's too much to pardon, milder grow,
Should I deny your Juſtice, I ſhou'd ſin,
And impudently move your Wrath again,
But had not I, offending, urg'd you ſo,
You then had wanted to forgive me now,

Shou'd

Shou'd *Jove* as often thunder, as we ſin,
Unarm'd, the God, a thouſand times had bin;
No, when his Thunder's gone, the Noiſe no more,
The Air is purer than it was before,
By this, he's Father of the Gods and Men,
By this, he lives a Long and Happy Reign,
*Cæſar*, like him, is *Pater Patriæ*,
*Cæſar* commands, and thunders too as he,
Then like him too, be abſolutely good,
Pardon your *Ovid*, as the God he wou'd,
Nor yet leſs good, than great, do's *Cæſar* live,
So many Inſtances of both we have.
Often the *Parthians* have own'd you kind,
So God-like is the Temper of your Mind,
You Pardon'd, tho' again the People ſinn'd,
Riches, and Honours, I have known you give,
To Enemies, that wou'd not have you live,
You ſcorn the Methods Meaner Princes know,
By better Arts you can Oblige us ſo,
That all muſt Love, as well as Fear you too.
That day that War has threatned all before,
That very day, your Anger has been o're,

Both

Both Sides to th' Temple have their Offerings (brought,
The Conquer'd pleas'd, ſo brave the Victor fought,
And as your Souldier 's fond to overcome,
Others by yours, are Proud to be out-done:
My Caſe is better than a Foe's appears,
I make no Plots, nor cauſe you open Wars,
I Swear by Heav'n, and every Bleſt Abode,
By *Cæſar*'s deareſt ſelf, a Preſent God,
My Soul do's ſuch Obedience afford,
Intirely yours, it knows no other Lord;
I've wiſht that you might late to Heaven Go,
When Life, through Age, grew Troubleſome (below,
When you were weary of an Empire here,
The Gods for your Reception might Prepare,
And Place *Auguſtus* in an Empire there:
As often as my Gifts the Altars had,
Witneſs, ye Gods! this was the Pray'r I made.
My Books, tho' one of them became my Crime,
They moſt, nay That, do's often *Cæſar* Name;
By this I my Obedience gave,
Not that you, Luſtre from my Lines cou'd have,

To

To ſuch a Height no Poet e're cou'd Fly,
Yet all that Write have liberty to try;
*Jove* can't be greater, nor his Acts more good,
Yet Praiſe in Verſe has often pleas'd the God,
He lov'd the Song, and own'd the Story true,
How Gyants *Pelion* on *Oſſa* threw,
Such Beauty in the Thought, ſo ſtrong the Senſe,
Poets have had a Privilege e're ſince,
The Gods a thouſand Bullocks they have had,
All bleeding freſh upon their Altars laid,
And yet tho' us'd to Plenty, when a Lamb,
A ſingle Offering to their Temple came,
The Gods wou'd ſmile, and take the Sacrifice,
For this alone, they'd Bleſs their Votary's:
Unlucky Chance! or rather damn'd Deſign,
Who e're he was at firſt, was ſo unkind,
To read my Verſes to ſo chaſt an Ear,
Good as the yet unthinking Virgins are,
That don't ſo much as Tremble in a Dream,
Or Graſp the Image of the Youth they've ſeen;
My looſer Lines have ſuch Impreſſions made,
You think the Preſent, as the other, Bad;

Some jealous Favorite invented this,
Thus to undoe me by an Artifice;
Methinks I hear how ſpitefully he read,
What envious Comments on my Words he made,
How he wou'd bluſh, as Counterfeits they faint;
Good Lord! a Man ſhou'd be ſo impudent!
This is not ſtrange, ſince e'ery one approves,
The happy Man the great *Auguſtus* loves,
But ſurely damns, unheard, a Perſon's Crime,
*Auguſtus* diſapproving, thinks a Sin;
Nay, I can hate my very ſelf, and do,
To think I ſhou'd deſerve a Frown from you,
To think I ſo much Goodneſs ſhou'd provoke,
To pleaſe a Humour that my Fancy took:
To ſee my old Acquaintance, how they run,
As I'ad been mad, or ſome Infection known,
As when a weakn'd Houſe at laſt gives way,
The Parts affected bear the moſt, they ſay,
So Fortune fickle, when ſhe changes ſhape,
All things diſorder'd, and unhappy look.
It is not many Months ago, ſince you,
My Life, and Manners, and my Buſ'neſs knew,

Often

Often I've pleaded the Defendant's Part,
Not without Reputation, and ſome Art,
And tho' Superiour Judges have lookt on,
They've all approv'd of what the Lawyer's done:
In private things I've wholly been in truſt,
When both ſides pleas'd have own'd me very juſt;
Ah me! that I ſhou'd only now repeat,
*Caſar* was kind, and I was fortunate,
Now the reverſe of what I was, I ſink
Beneath a weight too terrible to think,
The thouſand Waves that other Veſſels miſs,
By one conſent, on mine, together preſs:
Why did I ſee? why did theſe Eyes behold?
Why was a Fault unhappily thus told?
*Actæon* ſo, *Diana* had in view,
And only ſeeing her he periſh'd too;
No vile Deſign the angry Nymph cou'd know,
*Actæon*'s only Crime was, that he ſaw,
For this he undiſtinguiſh'd falls a Prey,
Torn by his Dogs, that always did obey:
So when we Heav'n offend, tho' but by chance,
The Gods ſometimes won't pardon the Offence:

That Day, that Error led me from the Right,
And Drew me to a VVay remote from it,
That very day, my Houſe but ſmall, yet Good,
Was loſt, and ruin'd, tho' the Building ſtood,
Yet not ſo ſmall, but Honours ſhe cou'd Boaſt,
A long Deſcent from many Ages paſt.
Not infamouſly low, nor yet ſo high,
To crack of Riches with our Pedigree,
A ſafer way 'twixt both, by much there was,
Envy, nor Pity e'er tormenting us,
But had our Ancient Lands been lower yet,
I juſtly might expected to be'en great,
My Self an Ample Fortune by my Wit.
Tho' my late Lines are looſe, and wanton Read,
While Nature prompted, and my Paſſion ſway'd,
The Thoughts are manly, and the Verſes good,
Smooth are my Numbers, and my Sence entire,
Melting the Words, and apt for ſoft Deſire,
That wondring Poets ſhall for Ages read,
And praiſe their *Ovid* for the Lines he made:

Curle

Curſe o' my Fate! one ſingle Fault ſhou'd damn!
Baniſh the Poet, and confound his Theme!
From Love, from Stories of the Gods, and Men,
Forc'd to attempt Excuſes for my Crime,
Loſt in the Maſs ill-ſhuffl'd Fates have Hurld,
Wanting a Voice, like that that made the World,
Shou'd *Cæſar* call, my Wrongs wou'd all obey,
And I for ever boaſt his Liberty,
This wou'd compleat the Favours I enjoy.
For more I fear'd, than in your Anger was,
That you my Life, at leaſt Eſtate wou'd ſeize.
But far from this, at preſent I have all,
All, that by any right, my own I call,
Nor was my Fault, by Voice of Senate Damn'd,
Or by a private way of Juſtice nam'd,
'Twas *Cæſar*'s Mouth pronounc'd my Baniſhment,
But call'd it by a leſſer Puniſhment,
Only Confin'd me to a diſtant Clime,
There to Reflect his Goodneſs, and my Sin;
And generous Souls are mov'd by Clemency,
More than by Wracks, and Gibbets that they ſee,

Such Inſtruments of Death, the vulgar ſway,
And make 'em honeſt, when they won't obey,
The other plead the freedom of their Mind,
To this or that, in ſpite of all inclin'd,
But when they'r reſolute, they ſhou'd be good,
Tho' through Miſtakes, the beſt are ſometimes (bad,
And kind forgiving Princes ne'er upbraid,
When they a happy Penitent have made:
As talleſt Elms, by Heav'ns thunder-ſtruck,
Ugly, deſpis'd, forlorn, and naked look,
Yet when the hated Bolt has long been paſt,
The Vines will meet, and twine, and kindly graſp,
Hug the dear ſuff'ring Trees, and kindly grow,
Tho' Gods themſelves the Bolts in anger threw;
Thus when like Heav'n, I know you to be kind,
Your greateſt Anger to be ſtill confin'd,
I often Hope, again, I ſoon Deſpair,
To think tho' merciful, you're ſtill ſevere;
Severely good, as happy Princes reign,
When I think thus, my Hopes are quaſht again:

So

So Veſſels riding on an angry Sea,
Have different Degrees of Terror nigh;
One while the Winds in gentle Murmurs blow,
So very ſoft, you'd think no Rage they knew,
When they but ſtop their Breath, to be more
(Fierce,
And toſs the Paſſengers, and Seamen worſe;
So, various are the Paſſions in my Breaſt,
They give, again, they take away my Reſt:
By Heav'n, that loves *Auguſtus*, and his *Rome*,
By all the Gods, that to our Altars come,
By my dear Country, ſafe, while you are ſo,
By all your Houſhold Gods, and Subjects too,
May *Rome* for ever own her *Caſar*'s Laws,
Fond of the Bleſſings, that his Reign beſtows:
Long may your *Livia* be your Care and Joy,
Noble, and Great, and Good, as ſhe is High;
Long may ſhe bleſs her Royal Husband's Bed,
With all th' engaging ſoftneſs of a Bride,
When Nature form'd her for a Bleſſing here,
*Caſar* was then th' Almighty's chiefeſt Care,

'Twas then, he ſhow'd the Wonders he cou'd do,
And ſhow'd 'em all, in *Livia*, and you.
Your Son, that Promiſes his Part ſo ſoon,
May Heav'n preſerve him for his Father's Throne!
Long may you both, ſecure your Empire's Peace
Command, Inſtruct, and Govern at your Eaſe;
Or if the Toils of Buſ'neſs irkſom grow,
May he do all the Wonders that you do!
May Victory that long has known your Tent,
Come to his Colours, and her ſelf Preſent,
Hovering, with Wings officious fly,
And Crown him, with the Choiceſt Lawrels nigh,
One Half ſtill preſent, Governing at Home,
Your other ſelf Commanding, far from *Rome!*
Pardon me now, if private Suffrings ſeem
To move the Poet, and Confine his Theme;
Pardon your *Ovid*, and your Thunder Quit,
Half dead, with Bolts that have already Hit.
Father, that Word is an indulgent Name,
And mighty too, ſince Gods are call'd the ſame,
The Power much at one your Subjects know,
As God's above, ſo *Cæſar* Rules below;

Then

Then ſpare, as Fathers of their Countrey do,
And take the Honours that I own your Due;
I dare not Pray you wou'd forgive my Sin,
Tho' Gods, they ſay, as kind as this have bin,
Only confine me to a nearer Shore,
A gentler Baniſhment, I'le ask no more;
This will Alleviate the Cares I know,
Leſſen the preſent Ills, that VVrack me now,
In VVide, remoteſt Lands, to live alone,
With ſuch inhumane Creatures, far from Home!
Others there are that have offended you,
Their Crimes notorious as mine cou'd be,
Yet theſe, were never ſent, where I am come,
Nor knew, the many Dangers, that I've done;
Beyond me's all Inhoſpitable Ground,
No Summer, but eternal Froſts are found,
Part of the *Euxine* Sea, which *Rome* commands,
Waſhes theſe Shoars, below, *Sarmatia* ſtands:
Recall me hence, tho' you deny me Peace,
'Tis Hell, to live in ſuch a Place as this.
Beſides: We have an old *Italian* Law,
Approv'd of long, and not diſputed now,

That

That Free-born Subjects, of a *Roman* Race,
By Birth have Title to a better place,
Their Princes ſafe, they muſt not Captives be,
This early ſhow'd a Right to Liberty.
I ſha'n't here name the ſad, unhappy Fault,
That loſt my Freedom, and Misfortunes brought,
But thoſe of which my Enemies accuſe,
I never thought, how looſe ſo e're my Muſe,
With theſe they've often vext your Royal Breaſt,
Provok'd your Anger, and deſtroy'd my Reſt;
And all they ſaid, you thought ſeverely true,
Nor do I wonder you believ'd 'em ſo,
Since Gods have been deceiv'd as well as you.
When *Jove* looks down, to ſee the World below,
Condemn, approve, and know the things we do,
His leiſure won't admit the niceſt View:
So you, like him, tho' looking round about,
Some things a ſingle look can ne'er find out:
Who can imagine States neglected lye?
The thoughts of Empire left, for Poetry:
Eaſy the Weight, muſt on your Shoulders ſit,
Had you your ſelf conſider'd what I Writ.

The bold *Panonia*, your ſtrength defy's,
Nor is *Illyrium* in perfect Peace ;
They on the *Rhine*, their utmoſt Force prepare,
And *Thracia* ſtill employs you in a War ;
*Armenia* parleys, when the *Parthians* ſhow
Their Spreading Colours, as a Warlike Foe ;
*Germania* flys before your Bolder Son,
Early made Brave, by Victories you won ;
No Head but yours, cou'd ſo much Buſ'neſs do,
With ſo much Eaſe, ſuch mighty Order too :
Your thoughts to travel all your Empire o're,
And you, Unruffl'd, manage ſuch a Pow'r,
No Part but Govern'd by your proper Care,
Yet none to Want what's neceſſary there,
Shows that your Soul had a peculiar Mould,
Form'd by ſome Gods, and made to rule the World :
Your Laws all Wiſe, and ſo ſeverely Good,
Your Life, ſtill ſtricter, than the Laws you made,
Thus in a long Fatigue of Buſ'neſs ſeen,
That you ſhou'd think of any thing of mine !

I own my Verſes looſe, unworthy far,
To reach the pious, nice *Auguſtus* Ear,
Beſides, theſe Lines the whole Deſign declare.

*You that with Fillets bind your Hair, be gone,*
*Nor let the Matron with my Book be ſeen,*
*I only ſing of youthful, ſtolen Joys,*
*And ſuch Gay Thoughts, their Formal Wills diſ-*
*(pleaſe.*

Yet nothing Guards a Mind that will be Bad,
Preciſeſt Matrons, when they pleaſe, are Lewd,
And tho' they never heard, or ſaw my Book,
Some will be Whores, and ſin in e'ery Look;
One ſhe reads Annals, there perhaps ſhe'll find,
How *Ilia*, a Veſtal was enclin'd,
When dreaming, *Mars* compreſt the lovely Maid,
And Bleſt her with the Double Birth ſhe had;
Let her but look the well writ *Æneids* o're,
She wiſhes, ſighs, and thinks on *Venus* Power,
Pity's poor *Dido*, when *Æneas* ſails,
And VVonders that the Queen no more Prevails;

There's

There's nothing, tho' the pureſt of the Kind,
That mayn't Corrupt a Heart, that's ill inclin'd,
But this is not enough to Damn a Book,
Becauſe ill meaning has the Reader Took,
Shall we prohibit Fire our common Uſe,
Becauſe Incendiari's Burn with this;
The Traveller and Thief, VVear Swords alike,
Becauſe one Robs, ſhall t' other take a Stick?
Or ſhall we pious, ancient Cloyſters Curſe,
Becauſe Maids talk of Sweet Hearts, or of worſe?
One in the very Temple, as ſhe Prays to *Jove*,
Is thinking of the Stories of his Love,
Thinking how many Mothers he might make,
Wiſhing her ſelf a Beauty for his ſake:
Another, ſhe at *Juno*'s Altar Prays,
And thinks how Fair *Europa* Croſt the Seas,
Pity's poor *Juno*, by her *Jove* betray'd,
The God ſo often Changing as he did,
But VViſhes ſtill ſhe'd bin the Charming Maid.
Shou'd ſhe *Minerva*'s awful Statue ſee,
So Good, ſo Tall, ſo full of Majeſty,

Some

Some Story ſtill her ſtrong deſire wou'd find,
How *Erichthon* was born a'fore his Time,
Becauſe the Goddeſs hid him, as they ſay,
And ſure if Goddeſſes ſuch Pranks will play,
Inferiour Nymphs their waiting Women may.
All things, a Perſon eas'ly turns to ill,
Whoſe chiefeſt Law's the Dictates of his Will;
The graveſt Matrons have beheld in paint,
The lewdeſt Forms, the Artiſt cou'd invent.;
The Veſtals have beheld th'Intreague of Stews,
The various ways, thoſe Proſtitutes abuſe,
And yet the Painter if the Piece was good,
Receiv'd the Praiſes that an Artiſt ſhou'd:
But why? Oh why? did I unhappy write,
Fond o' th' Fantaſtick Character, a Wit,
My wanton Genius, hurrying me along,
And never reſting, 'till I was undone:
Why did not I, like other Poets, move?
Thunder out Battels, Wars, not whine out Love?
*Troy* had engag'd me in a Noble Strain,
And inoffenſive too, my Thoughts had bin,

Here

Here I had told the *Grecian* Policy,
And *Troy*'s unfortunate Security:
Or had this bin an antiquated Theme,
I might have ſung as well of greater *Rome*,
This had been pious, and a Subject's part,
Duty excus'd the Nicety of Art;
Tho' *Cæſar* had not been oblig'd by this,
His Worth, ſo much exceeding all my Praiſe,
He muſt have pardon'd an officious Muſe.
As *Phœbus* darting Rays affect our Eyes,
So *Cæſar*'s Glories in the View ſurprize,
When with a Naked Eye we ſee each Light,
'Tis troubleſome, and takes away our ſight,
Theſe were my thoughts, and this believe it true,
Is all the Reaſon that I plead, or knew:
As when a Man, within a little Boat,
Safely, in ſhallow Rivers rows about,
But ſhou'd he launch into the Swelling Main,
His Boat wou'd be too ſmall, his Art in vain;
So tho' I've writ with Reputation too,
Of trivial Subjects, Stories that I knew,

Shou'd

Shou'd I, for this, a greater Thought have had,
Have writ *Jove*'s Thunder, and the Wars he made,
Or *Cæsar*'s Wars, but little less than those,
Next *Jove*'s the Victory, as good the Cause,
Awkward my weaker Numbers must have bin,
And *Jove*, and *Cæsar*, suffer'd in the Strain.
Once I begun the mighty Task, and Try'd,
I sung of Wars, as other Poets did,
But still, my *Hero* so surpast the rest,
I must have VVrit the worst, if not the best:
Then I resolv'd to tell some amorous Tale,
With melting Words oblige the Longing Girl,
While frequent Blushes, with Repeated Sighs,
Engaging Looks, the Language of the Eyes,
Show how she loves, and loving how she Dyes.
Curse o' this Thought! why did I learn to Read?
Why did my Tutor teach me as he did?
And yet I suffer thro' Mistake, as tho'
Unlawful Ways of Love I did pursue;
As tho' I'ad sought t' abuse the Nuptial Rites,
And gratifie my self with vile Delights,

This

This I Profeſs, and Heaven knows it true,
Lawful are all the ways of Love I know;
No Man by me's a Doubtful Father made,
I never wrong'd the meaneſt Perſon's Bed;
My Life and Verſe, have always differ'd far,
Pleaſant my Muſe, my Manners more ſevere:
*Accius* was Fierce, *Terence* was ſoft, and ſmooth,
'Fore Tragedies, preferring Plays, leſs Rough.
Nor yet am I the firſt, that writ another way,
*Anacreon*'s Applauded to this day,
For writing of a harmleſs Love, like me.
*Sappho* had never reach'd an Excellence,
Had not ſhe writ of Love, without Offence:
The good *Menander*, when he made his Plays,
*Menander* that diverts ſo many Ways,
He never Writ, but Love was ſtill his Theme,
Bewitching Love, the tender Virgin's Dream;
He taught 'em Laws, to manage all their Fire,
And while they Burn'd themſelves with ſtrong (Deſire,
Diſſemble ſtill, and make their Lovers dye,
But Dye to Live, and Meet with greater Joy:

What are the *Iliads*, that the World approves,
But Wars, occasion'd by Forbidden Loves?
How *Helen*, melted by her *Paris* Voice,
Yields to his Charms, and eagerly enjoys:
Had not *Ulysses* Wife so many Won,
*Homer*, his *Odysses* had ne'er begun,
Nor we have Read the Wanderer from Home.
In all the Various Passions *Homer* Paints,
There's none more Taking, that he Represents,
Then when he tells, how *Mars* with *Venus* lay,
And makes each God a Witness of their Joy;
How pleasantly her Husband is Reveng'd,
To let 'em lye, till he prepares the Chains.
Many the Instances I yet cou'd heap,
Wou'd not the Reader, and my Muse both sleep.
*Catullus* always most Correctly Writ,
His *Lesbia* the Subject of his Wit:
*Hortensius*, and *Servius*, lov'd like me,
And who wou'd fear to Follow such as they?
*Gallus*, for *Lycoris* was never Blam'd,
Talking too much, not Writing, *Gallus* Damn'd.

*Tibullus*

*Tibullus* writes, how freely Women ſwear,
What ſtrange deluding ſort of things they are;
They value ſtricteſt Oaths, no more than Wind,
When e're they pleaſe to change a Fickle Mind,
How Wittily they will a Keeper Balk,
And when their Husband's jealous, how they talk;
And he, *Tibullus*, beſt theſe Truths might know,
At once the Cully, and the Poet too.
*Propertius* next, ſo great, and very good,
How Men admir'd, and Women lov'd, he ſhow'd;
*Propertius* yet Repeated Honours had;
*Cæſar* his Friend, approving what he did.
When theſe Succeeded all ſo well, I thought,
I might purſue the Meaſures that they Taught,
I fear'd not, where ſo many Ships had Paſt,
Or thought my Bark wou'd Shipwrackt be at laſt:
Had I but Play'd the Droll in Mimick Wit,
Had then bin ſafe, and pleas'd a laughing Pit,
All Ages, Sexes, Flock with haſt to theſe,
And love the Bawdy that they find in Plays;
To hear a Toothleſs Strumpet ſplit her Sides,
Laugh 'till ſhe piſſes at the Words ſhe Reads,

"Judge me! the Author's ſuch a Witty Man,
"He muſt do more than other People can:
Thus I had made a Party to Retreat,
Had I but thus Buffoon'd it when I writ,
And all my Nonſence wou'd have bin Sheer Wit.

Shall ſtammering Mimicks then Protected live?
And others want the Favours that they have?
Shall *Ovid* ſuffer, while he wou'd Delight?
Others be ſafe, that do, what *Ovid* writ?
My Lines by th' Mob, as theirs, huzza'd have bin?
And mine, and theirs, *Auguſtus*, you have ſeen;
But ſeen, as when we different Paintings view,
Diverting for the Skill the Painter knew,
And he a certain Due, Reward, receives,
Tho' he a Monſter, nay, the Devil gives:
Within your Palace, various Pictures hang,
The beſt Drawn Pieces, by the Niceſt Hand,
And yet more famous for their Houſe than Paint.
Your Fathers, Uncles, by a long Deſcent;
Not far from theſe, nay, in the neareſt Room,
Some Women hang, as Naked as they're Born.

Let greater Pens, for bloody Wars prepare,
Inur'd to Dangers, as their Hero's are ;
Let theſe in ſtrains, their *Cæſar*'s Battels ſpeak,
And ſhow in Arms, how like a God you look,
While others, skill'd i'th' art of Heraldry,
Tell all the Wonders of your Family,
How for ſome Ages, Hero's have bin bred,
And how *Auguſtus* do's the reſt exceed :
This I have often wiſht, but wiſht in vain,
Nature deſigning me a weaker ſtrain,
Far from the beſt, yet not the worſt, ſo mean.
*Virgil*, the Wonder of a Wonderous Age,
Whoſe Art does ſtill ſome mighty things Preſage,
Whoſe Writings give unto our Poets Laws,
Whether a great or humble Theme they chooſe:
If Warriours read, in him their Art they find,
Honour, and Courage, in the *Trojans* joyn'd:
If Lovers take his *Æneids* down,
They read, how *Dido*, and the Hero's found,
How *Jove*, he Thunder'd in the World above,
Kindly aſſiſting their Deſign of Love ;

Thus he in Notes, ſo artfully cou'd Play,
The Fierce, and Gentle, all, in him agree,
In him they Meet, a pleaſant Harmony.
Nor did he once, diſdain the Herdſman's Song,
But writ *Bucolics*, in his Mother Tongue;
How *Corydon* for his *Alexis* Burn'd,
How proud *Alexis*, *Corydon* he ſcorn'd:
He ſhow'd how *Nyſa*, *Mopſus* lov'd,
A Humour Women always mov'd;
Tho' *Mopſus* Nature had deſign'd a Jeſt,
*Mopſus* was Rich, and *Nyſa* lov'd him beſt.
Thus when the *Mantuan* Poet led the way,
I thought to follow ſuch a Guide as he,
To write like him, cou'd ne'er have ruin'd me:
Nor yet, do I, more ſerious Subjects want,
Some Books of Sacred Feaſts, I have in Print:
One while, my Muſe, in Tragick Buskins Trod,
All very ſolemn, grave, and ſome ſaid good:
Another Work, with Care and Pains I wrote,
Tho' in my Sentence 'twas unfortunate;
Wanting the Authors laſt performing Stroak,
To give it Graces for the niceſt Look,

In

In this, ( my *Metamorphoſis* ) I ſhow,
The Face of things, from *Nothing*, down to you:
Wou'd you, in this, but Read my Innocence,
You'd find how much the Poet lov'd the Prince;
You'd Read in e'ery Line my very Soul,
Intirely yours, without Reſerves at all:
Nor was I ever Tempted when I writ,
Inferiour Men, with diſrepect to Treat,
I always hated a Satyrick Wit,
Ne'er Wounding any, but the Author, yet.
This ſhow'd the Temper of a Peaceful Mind,
Form'd in my Infancy, by Age refin'd;
For this, no well-bred *Roman* triumphs now,
Pleas'd at the Puniſhment I undergo,
But rather Mourns, the diſmal ſtory told,
And often wiſhes that I were recall'd.
May theſe, Great *Caſar*, move your Royal Breaſt,
'Till you Remit my Sentence, part at leaſt,
If it's too much to Pardon, grant ſome Place
Nearer my Native Country much than this.

*The End of the Second Book.*

# The Third BOOK OF OVID IMITATED.

*The Book entreats the Reader to be Candid, and before he Condemns, to consider the Disadvantages it was writ with: He shows his coming to* Rome, *where he met with a Guide, that acquainted him with all the Curiosities of the Place.*

## ELEGY I.

BE gentle, Reader, whoso'er thou art,
Pitty a poor, unhappy Wanderer's Part,

The

The Wretched Off ſpring of a Wretched Man,
Baniſh'd his Countrey to a Forreign Land,
But be n't affraid, nor Bluſh at what he gives,
No thoughts of Love are Read within theſe
(Leaves;
The Author's not ſo ſenſleſs, to be merry now,
To Write as happy Poets, when they Write, do;
When Reaſon in her Infancy he knew,
And thought his Wit the better of the two,
'Twas then a laſting Train of Ills he laid,
Pleas'd with the Fond Ideas that he had,
He writ of Love, and Flatter'd e'ery Senſe,
Promis'd himſelf no Injuries from thence:
Had he but thought, how Fond *Pygmalion* Woo'd,
How proudly, when he lov'd, the Statue ſtood,
No living Beauty he had ever Took,
Or Dar'd the Lightning that thoſe Angels Look;
Or had but *Cæſar* ſpoke ſuch Writings Sin,
He'ad ſooner anger'd any God than him:
But now his Subject's chang'd, ah! now too late,
Now, when he feels unequal Fortune's Weight,
Sad are his Notes, adapted to his Fate.

No

No Ornaments in Prudence he'd beſtow;
Had I come out as gay, as others do,
The World had thought him Proud, me Foolish too.

If he ſhou'd ſtammer at his Mother Tongue,
Or write, as they that have been abſent long,
'Tis this damn'd Jargon, that the Countrey ſpeaks,
Confounds his Words, and ſuch a difference makes:

Now, Reader, if it is not troubleſome,
Direct me in this City where I'm come;
And may the Gods for ſuch a Kindneſs give,
A mighty Portion of the Goods they have;
May you ne'er Travel weary, as I've done,
But live a proſperous, good old Age, at Home;
I'll Follow whereſoe'er you pleaſe to go,
Tho' I'm Faint, Hungry, very Dirty too.
At this he walks, and with his Finger ſhows,
This is the Court, ſays he, of *Ceſar*'s Houſe,
This is the *Via Sacra* where you Paſs,
A Street the World in admiration has;

Here

Here you may ſee, where *Veſta*'s Temple's ſet,
That's *Numa*'s Pallace there, not far from it;
This is the Place, where bold *Evander* dwelt,
And here, they ſay, this Hill, *Rome* firſt was Built.
Thus, while I wonder all the lovely ſight,
I ſee a Houſe, the Poſts in Armour ſet,
Good, as ſome God had had it for his Seat:
Nay, ſo ſurpriz'd, I innocently cry'd,
Is n't this *Jove*'s Houſe? it muſt be ſo, I ſaid,
For there, hard by, an Oaken Crown I ſee,
Sacred to *Jove*, this makes my Augury.
But ſtill my Guide, he told me I was Wrong,
'Twas *Caſar*'s Pallace, and he'ad known it long;
I cou'd not for my Heart but yet conclude,
So ſtately all, ſo happy the Abode,
*Caſar* muſt be at leaſt a Second God.
Why are theſe Gates, I ſaid, with Laurels ſet?
How come the Boughs thus artfully to meet?
Is it becauſe perpetual Triumph's here?
And Laurels wanting for ſo many are?
Or is it Holy-day? or this a Sign,
How happy all the People are in him?

If ſo, to th' Number may he kindly add,
One Citizen his Anger's wretched made:
Ah me! ſo awful all the Place appears,
My Heart miſgives me, and admits of Fears,
My Paper ſinks, affected with the Thought,
As wild Diſorder a Preſage had Taught:
At this I Stop, and Kneeling down, I Pray,
Firſt to my ſelf, at laſt, aloud I ſay:
May *Ceſar*, Sovereign of the World below,
Great in his Empire, and his Wiſdom too,
Forgive my Father, and Revoke his Doom,
And ſmile on me, tho' Born an Exile's Son.
Next, by a Vaſt, but gradual Aſcent,
Where Great *Apollo*'s Temples were, we went,
Where Books are ſeen, of various Subjects writ,
Contain'd within a Place that joyns to it;
And here I thought my Kindred Books to ſee,
All but th' unfortunate, our Miſery.
But e're I lookt the ſeveral Claſſes o'er,
The Keeper told me, there was none ſuch there,
And rudely bid me in a barbarous Tone,
By fair means, or by foul, be quickly gone:

From

From thence to other Libraries I came,
But ſtill no leſs than there, Repuls'd with ſhame;
At this a ſad Reflection made me ſigh,
By Birth, that I ſhou'd ſo unhappy be,
Loſt by my Father's Crimes, as well as he.

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# ELEGY II.

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*In this Elegy* Ovid *complains of his Baniſhment, and paſſionately deſires to dye.*

WHen the Gods Curſe, in Sufferings like mine,
Tho' great their Wrath, yet greater is the Sin;
That I to *Scythia* ſhou'd Baniſht be!
Live in Diſgrace, and dye with Infamy!

The

The Muſes that I doted on, and Pray'd,
So paſſionately courted, as I did;
The Deities, I ſo entirely lov'd,
That took my Offerings, and my Songs ap-
( prov'd,
Theſe might, one wou'd have thought, the
( Gods have mov'd.

*Apollo* too, the Patron of our Right,
Refus'd his Intereſt, and left me quite.
Abandon'd, and undone, my Wrongs I tell,
But none can know their Force but I, that feel;
I, that my Life, till now, in Silence paſt,
Avoiding noiſe, and bus'neſs to the laſt;
Tender, and Delicate, no Labours knew,
Or Heats, and Colds, as Travellers do,
That I, ſhou'd ſuch an Alteration bear!
The Icy Seas, and Froſts, ſo common here,
Spent by Fatigues, that I ſhou'd think to write!
That it ſhou'd pleaſe me too, is ſtranger yet!
When all the wretched Tale I tell, is true,
And what the Reader ſees, I feel, and know:

When

When I had paſs'd the Dangers of the Seas,
And reach'd the Land, the ſad appointed Place,
I thought my Mind might with the Veſſel reſt,
However, be more peaceable at leaſt,
But far from this, new Horrors they affright,
The Towns, the Men, the Land, a wretched Sight!

At this, my Eyes, obedient to my Mind,
Guſht out with Tears, that long had bin confin'd,
Such Floods I wept, as when great Waters flow,
From talleſt Mountains, coverd o're with Snow,
Diſſolv'd by Rains, that Threat'n all below.
While *Rome*, the great, the good, the much lov'd Place,
My Houſe, my Wife, my Friends, my Fears encreaſe,

Often I ask to Dye, but ask in vain,
As Heav'n reſerv'd me for a farther Pain;
But that cann't be, ſo exquiſite my Grief,
The Torments that I know exceed Belief:
Why has the Fatal Steel eſcap'd my Throat?
Why has the Deep her Mouth unkindly ſhut?

The Gods, in Complaiſance to *Cæſar*'s Wrath,
Reſolve me wretched, and deny me Death.

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# ELEGY III.

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## To his Wife.

### *With ſome Account of his Sickneſs.*

TOo weak to write, a Stranger's hand I uſe,
But be n't, my Dear, too much ſurpriz'd (at this
Take the true Reaſon, tho' I'm loth to tell,
So much you love, ſo very much I feel:
A ſudden Illneſs ſeiz'd me with a mighty force,
And tho' ſo bad at firſt, I ſtill grew worſe,
VVhile ſhooting Pains diſtorted every joint,
And frequent Sweats made all my Members faint;
My

My Fingers, they refus'd the VVork they knew,
And diſobey'd, tho' I deſign'd it you;
No Means was left, but by another's hand,
And this is that, my Deareſt VViſe, I ſend:
The want of Health's no ſmall, no trivial Ill,
The Braveſt pity, when the Pains they feel;
When weary'd Nature, Stagger'd with the (Weight,
Diſorder'd, ſinks beneath approaching Fate;
But mine's much worſe than e'er the Wretcheſt (knew,
The Place I live in, doubles every Woe,
Here's no Phyſitian to Relieve the Sick,
No healing Cordials to ſupport the VVeak,
No VVitty Friend is found within this Place,
VVith pleaſing Stories, to divert in ſuch a Caſe,
And make the ſluggiſh Minutes mend their Pace:
In various Poſtures on my Bed I lye,
Reſtleſs in all, yet ſtill the ſame I Try,
VVhile crouding Thoughts are ſhuffling in my (Mind,
But you, as always, I the deepeſt find;

Fond of your Name, the wonted Sound I ſpeak,
Improperly, they ſay, and Nonſence make,
So much I love, that ſhou'd my Faultring Tongue,
Too Weak, refuſe to ſpeak as it has done;
Shou'd you appear, the Strings wou'd artful Play,
Tho' ſhrunk before, wou'd all Obedience be,
A thouſand little tender things I'de ſay,
Talk like a Lover, on his Wedding-day,
And more than talk, I'd love, my Dear, as he.
Such joy, wou'd give new Meaſure to my Days,
While I not only liv'd, but liv'd with Eaſe;
But if the Thread of Life the Sifters ſpun,
Was but deſign'd till now, and's a'moſt done,
It had bin kind to let me ſtay'd at Home,
And there, ye Gods, expected till it Run;
Then I'ad a Grave within my Country had,
And all my Friends, the decent Rites had paid,
Secure I'ad ſlept, without Reflection layd;
Now in a diſtant Land, remote from all,
Living, and dying, I unpity'd Fall,
No tender Friend to do the laſt kind Work,
To Cloſe my Eyes, for ever after Dark.

When

When you receive these Lines, my Dearest Wife,
Let not my cares, too much encrease your Grief;
Inur'd to Sorrows, you know better things,
You know, too much Concern, a Weakness brings;
Long you have learnt the Melancholy Trade,
Read all the Mystery's, it ever had;
Besides, Child, Death it self's no Punishment,
You lost your Husband in his Banishment,
The worst of Deaths the Gods cou'd e'er invent,
A Death with infamy, to th' Vilest sent;
And now if Heav'n wou'd pardon what is past,
This Pray'r I'de make, and breath it with my last;
May no Remains of me, but all entire,
Stretcht on the Pile, in fiercest Flames expire;
For shou'd what fond *Pythagoras* says, be true,
That after Death, our Souls a Being know,
More Wretched still, to dye in such a Place,
Unknown the Way, I shou'd be Doom'd to this;
Converse with Ghosts, that Devils liv'd,
That never cou'd on Earth be once believ'd,
This makes me Charge those Servants that I have,
To see all Burnt, some Ashes only save,

And there enclos'd within a well-made Urn,
To *Italy*, with haſte I wou'd have Born,
And thus, tho' dead, my Dear, I ſhall return.
And who can blame your pious care in this,
'Tis all inhumane, if it ſhou'd diſpleaſe,
The *Theban* dead, his Corps were ſtole away,
And bury'd too, in ſpite of a Decree:
Let well-choſe Sweets be ſcatter'd o're my Grave,
And let my Marble this Inſcription have;

*Here, in this Melancholly Vault below,*
*Lyes injur'd* Ovid, *all that's* Ovid *now,*
*Undone, and ruin'd, while he he ſtrove to move,*
*By telling Stories of endearing Love:*
*Now whoſoe'er thou art, that paſſeſt by,*
*Pray Heav'n that* Ovid *may ſecurely lye,*
*Since thou thy ſelf haſt lov'd as well as he.*

This is enough to ſignifie the Man,
The reſt my Books will do, they ſpeak my Fame,
Louder, and better, than Inſcriptions can.

Much more I have to ſay, much more cou'd find,
Cou'd I with ſtrength deliver all my Mind:
Take then unfiniſh'd, what your Husband gives,
May you enjoy, and long, the World he leaves:
May you of Bleſſings have ſo vaſt a ſtore,
'Till Heav'n can give, or you can ask no more.
The laſt good thing your *Ovid* he preſents,
He gives you Health, the Bleſſing that he wants.

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# ELEGY

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# ELEGY IV.

## To his Friend.

*Adviſing him to ſhun the dangerous Converſation of the Great, recommending a Private Life, with the Advantages of a Retirement.*

TAke this, my Friend, in Dangers often known,
That durſt, in worſt of Times, a Friendſhip own:
Live to thy ſelf, always avoid a ſhow,
The Private, do, the trueſt Pleaſures know,
Value thy ſelf on Nature's better Care,
Prefer her Gifts, before his Lordſhip's Ear;

Deſpiſe

Deſpiſe the Gaudy Titles that he has,
The Mouldy inſtances of former Praiſe;
Believe me, for I know it very true,
None live ſo happy, as the Private do;
A ſmall, convenient, little Houſe, I'd chooſe,
With ſome few Friends, try'd by the niceſt Laws,
This I'd Prefer, by much, before a Court,
With all the Powder'd Fops that there Reſort,
Scarce in appearance Men, ſo Antick dreſt,
Yet when they Talk, their Garb's by much the beſt;
To live with ſuch as theſe, is Hell to Wiſer Men,
That love their Eaſe, and Study, more than Gain:
When *Jove* in anger Throws his Thunder round,
He levels taller Buildings with the Ground,
While Humble Cottages untouch'd are found.
The naked Sail-yard all Attempts defys,
Fearleſs of all the force of Waves, and Skies,
While ſwelling Sails are drove thro' dangerous ways,
Ruffl'd by Winds, that trouble wideſt Seas;
O, had I took, what here I now adviſe,
You 'ad known me ſtill at *Rome*, in perfect Peace!

He

He who by Chance comes down upon a Plain,
Falls without danger, and may riſe again:
Why was Fam'd *Dædalus* found ſafe, when he,
With Wings, as well as *Icarus* did Fly?
This was the Difference, and only this,
One kept the Ground, the other Made the Skys;
When *Dædalus* fell, he roſe again with eaſe,
But t'other falling from a Præcipice,
Dy'd i'th' Attempt, and dying Nam'd the Seas.
Believe me, Friend, and take my very Soul,
The Truths I tell, are good, and ſtudy'd all,
Quit not Retirement, for Noiſe, and Show,
Or Pompous Titles, as the Great Ones do.
Happy the good, Unknown, who in a Middle State,
Contented lives, more Vertuous than Great,
He anſwers all the Ends the Gods enjoyn,
No time, but's very well employ'd by him;
What e'er he ſays, is all ſeverely true,
He do's not talk, as Paraſites in Courts muſt do,
He's always juſt to what he do's pretend,
And is, where e'er he promiſes, a Friend:

Friend-

Friendſhip admits of no diſſembling Arts,
But boaſts of pure, entire, and perfect parts,
Allows no more of nauſeous Flattery,
Than pious Laws approve of Treachery;
But all her Rules, ſo well you underſtand,
You can in loftyer Strains than I, commend;
You praiſe it too, by practiſing the Good,
And living Perfect, as the Better ſhou'd.
Often I think, with what a kind ſad look,
When I left *Rome*, your laſt Farewell you took;
With what affection you return'd my Kiſs,
How much concern you ſhow'd in the Surprize,
What Floods of Tears deſcended from your Eyes!
This was Compaſſionate, and very Kind,
But this is but a part of what's behind;
When e'er the Rabble, fond of Miſery,
Breath'd out my Name, with Infamy,
You, like a Guardian Angel, ſtill ſtood firm,
And for my Sake, oppos'd the loudeſt Storm;
For this, the World ſhall pay eternal Praiſe,
And read your Name in never dying Verſe;

My

My Perſon's Baniſh'd, but my Name's ſtill free,
And boaſts, a great, and glorious Liberty.

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# ELEGY V.

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## To his Friend.

*Whom he calls by a Feign'd Name,*
Charus.

WHen the laſt Morn's unwelcome Light
(came on,
When I muſt leave my Wife, my
(Friends, and *Rome*,
Well I remember then, how kindly you,
Profeſs'd a Friendſhip ever ſince prov'd true;
Nor had I long, my Friend, the Bleſſing known,
Which made it dearer than it wou'd have bin,

That

That you, while I, undone, neglected ſtood,
Shou'd then, an early Friendſhip too, make good,
Was ſuch a generous, and noble thought,
It reach'd the higheſt Pitch that Friendſhip ought;
Nor yet do's Abſence alter your Deſign,
But ſtill, my *Charus*, you continue Mine;
Often you dare to take a Sufferer's Part,
And none, than *Charus*, boaſts a nicer Art;
Your Eloquence with ſo much force can move,
Severeſt Judges a'moſt partial prove;
What can you do then, when a ſort of Right,
Pleads for your Friend, and you, my Friend, Plead
(it?

This is my Caſe, in this, uſe all your Skill,
*Cæſar* is good, and will forgive an Ill,
For mine's a Crime, becauſe he thinks ſo ſtill.

The Great, and Valiant, is the Generous Foe,
He ſcorns what little petty Conquerors do,
His Honour prompts him by a better Law.

The Fault once own'd, he ſoon Forgives the
(Crime,
And ne'er upbraids, till he's provok'd again;

So

So fierceſt Lions, tho' their Power great,
Pardon the Weak, when Proſtrate at their Feet,
Such an Acknowledgment decides the Fray,
And this is certainly the nobler way ;
But Wolves, and Bears, of an inferiour Race,
Always the ſame, are fierce in every Place,
They no Submiſſion take, but ſeize their Prey,
And rudely bear the trembling Beaſt away.
Who was e'er Rougher than *Achilles* was?
Yet *Dardanus* his Griefs took ſo much Place,
His VVrongs was read in Fierce *Achilles* Face ;
Such thoughts as theſe, make me expect Relief,
That Heav'n will one day mitigate my Grief:
Had I bin conſcious of ſome Mighty Fault,
I durſt not then, ſo much as this have Thought;
Had I in VVine profan'd great *Cæſar*'s Name,
Manag'd reflectingly ſo good a Theme ;
Had I bin Treacherous, I ſhou'd deſire to dye,
Rather than live with ſo much infamy ;
But for beholding what I cou'd not ſhun,
Baniſh'd, for what my Eyes have only done,
Is hard, and yet for this I'm Baniſh'd *Rome*.

Now

Now, what I ask, is, you wou'd intercede,
If Liberty is never to be had,
Pray my Removal from this horrid Place,
And I'le reſt ſatisfy'd, my Friend, with this.

---

# ELEGY VI.

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## *To* Perilla.

GO to *Perhilla*, Letter, haſty Go,
Tell her of e'ery Circumſtance you know;
You'll find her Waiting by her Mother ſtand,
Liſt'ning, and Running, at the leaſt Command:
What e'er ſhe's doing of, tell her of me,
She'll leave it all, and quickly follow thee;
A thouſand times ſhe'll ask you how I do?
Whether I'm melancholly ſtill, or No?

Whe-

Whether my Health e'ent injur'd by my Fate,
And I grown old, and bend beneath the Weight?
To all ſhe ſays, make her this ſhort Reply,
I live, but live impatiently to Dye:
Tell her, the Muſes are my Care again,
And all the Pleaſure that I have's in them;
And while you talk, ask her be ſure, why ſhe,
Buſy'd in other Studies, left her Poetry?
She had a ſort of Right, by Birth to plead,
Her Father's Wit, has always bin allow'd;
'Twas very hard, ſhou'd Children only live,
Entitl'd to Diſeaſes, that their Parents have;
Sometimes a Fathers Wit's a happy Share,
A Promiſing Portion, in the meaneſt Heir;
When Nature in *Perilla* prov'd her Care,
And Form'd her Perfect, as the Niceſt are,
When every Stroak Foretold a certain Reign,
And Pregnant Wit, early deſerv'd a Name,
'Twas then, I brought her to the ſacred Spring,
And gave her to the Nine a grateful Offering,
They ſoon inſpir'd with Art and Thought,
And all her Lines were Smooth, as ſhe were
(Taught;

None

None than *Perilla* more ſublimely Flew,
Yet never loſt, her Rules ſeverely True;
If Charming *Lesbia* ſung a nobler Song,
*Lesbia* with Pains had Read the Muſes long,
*Perilla* in her Infant Age writ ſtrong.
Often with Pray'rs, I bleſt th' Auſpicious Sign,
Kiſt the young Girl, in all her Actions Mine,
Often I wonder'd at the mighty Pow'r,
A Tale I'ad heard, but never knew before;
Thus ~~was~~ ere my thoughts, Raiſ'd to a vaſt Height,
To ſee my Darling Care, *Perhilla* Great,
When ſtrait, ſome angry God his Thunder threw,
And ſtriking me, he ſtruck *Perilla* too;
No ſooner was my Baniſhment Decreed,
But my great hopes, were in a Moment dead,
*Perilla*, all her Books aſide had laid.
What tho' by Reading I'm unfortunate?
You may expect, my Dear, a better Fate;
Beauty, 'tis true, you have a wondrous Share,
But Beauty, Child, tho' every Parent's care,
Shines but a while, and then will Diſappear;

But

But Ladies that have Wit and Beauty too,
May boaſt more Slaves than Richeſt Tyrants do;
Nay, when Time has Plough'd the lovely Face,
And all *Perilla*'s thouſand Charms, decreaſe,
Her Eyes leſs ſprightly, and her Lips leſs red,
Ner Noſe, her Cheeks, look nothing as they did;
Her Wit ſhall ſtill a mighty Empire know,
And all Mankind ſhall to *Perilla* Bow:
Let this, my Dear, make you aſſume your Pen,
And read, with care, your Authors o'er again,
And Bleſs the World with th' Iſſue of your Brain.

FINIS.

# VERSES

UPON

Several Occaſions:

WITH SOME

# Tranſlations

Out of the

*Latin* and *Greek* Poets.

By the ſame Author.

*LONDON*,

Printed for *Richard Cumberland*, 1697.

# VERSES
UPON
# Several Occaſions.

## ODE 3. *Horace*, Lib. 1.
### To *VIRGIL*,
### *Taking a Voyage to* Athens.

MAy *Venus* happily Conduct my Friend,
And *Helen's* Brothers, ſhining Stars, defend;
May *Æolus*, whoſe Voice the Winds obey,
Make thee his Care, and ſtill the Raging Sea,
Chain in his Den each Wind, but what you want,
And like a God Protect, and Storms prevent;

And you, Fond Ship, proud of your Burthen now,
Sail with more care, than uſually you do,
Safely convey him, to the *Attick* Lands,
The beſt of Poets, and the beſt of Friends,
In this you will Preſerve my better Half,
My *Virgil*, Dearer to me than my ſelf.
His Heart was more than Braſs, who firſt durſt go,
And viſit diſtant Shoars, as we do now,
Safe in a Ship, the Floting Monſters ſee,
And be no more Concern'd i'th' Deep, than they,
Careſs the Watery People as they come,
And ſmile, as tho' ſome Common thing he'ad done:
In vain, the Prudent Deities divide,
Confine Mankind by an impetuous Tide,
While Impious Ships can Croſs the Rougheſt Seas,
In ſpite of all the Force of Waves and Skies.
Nothing's ſo Mad, that fooliſh Man won't do,
Courting Forbidden Ills, becauſe they're ſo.
*Prometheus* long ago, begun the Way,
Stealing *Jove*'s Fire to Animate his Clay,

But ſoon the God perſu'd him with his Pow'r,
Sent him Diſeaſes, never known before:
While Death mov'd ſlowly, in a lazy Pace,
Ages Man liv'd, and good, and happy was,
But now his Life's Contracted to a Span,
Scarce ſooner is he Born, than he is gone,
His Sin, made jealous Heav'n ſnatch him hence,
With haſty Death confound his Arrogance.
Fond *Dædalus*, with Wings muſt needs go Try,
To Cut the Air, and reach the Liquid Sky,
A Pow'r, which Nature's wiſer Laws deny.
Thro' Hell below, the Fierce *Alcides* Ran,
A Place, where none, one wou'd 'ave thought,
( wou'd gone.
Grown Gyants in Impiety, we ſwell,
And Brave the Gods, that wou'd at quiet dwell;
Nay, *Jove* Aſſault in his Imperial Throne,
Uneaſy, if he lays his Thunder down,

# ODE 5. lib. 1.

## To *Pyrrha.*

WHat Youth, unskill'd in *Pyrrha*'s Win-
(ton Art,
Offers his Love, and gives thee all his
(Heart?
With Choice Perfumes, like a dreſt, amorous
(Beau,
Courts Charming *Pyrrha*, as I us'd to do;
Knocks at thy Door, and fears to be deny'd,
Loving his *Pyrrha* more than all, beſide;
For whom do you thoſe Flowing Locks prepare?
Careleſs, yet finer, than the niceſt are;
When time ſhall ſhow him what his *Pyrrha* is,
How will he Curſe his Fond miſtaken Bliſs!
When he, ne'er us'd to ſwelling Seas before,
Looks back, and ſees the dear deſerted Shoar,

How

How often will he Weep his Wretched Fate?
And Curſe his Stars, that ſo ſeverely Hate;
Tho' now he eager, Rifles all thy Charms,
And thinks no Bleſſings like his *Pyrrha*'s Arms;
Ne'er doubts at all, but you will always Prove,
Conſtant like him, Engaging ſtill in Love:
Unhappy Men! to whom unknown you ſhine,
Who fondly think you're Good, becauſe you're Fine,
I felt the Storm my Self, and then I Vow'd,
For ever after to Adore th' Aſſiſting God,
And here, this Table ſhows I dread the Flood.

---

## To *Clarinda.*

TO Pray's a Priviledge the Gods allow,
They kindly give us leave to Love 'em too,
And what the Gods Approve, I hope you do.
Poets, like me, Complain, Admire, Adore,
Love, Write, Dye, and Dying, own your Pow'r,

And tho' the Nymph's as Good, and Fair as you,
Twas ne'er *Clarinda* thought a Crime to Bow.
The Sun, his Beams does equally Diſplay,
And kindly gives the Good, and Bad, a Day,
Your Charms, as powerful are, as great as his,
More than his Heat, your Wit, and Beauty, pleaſe;
But ſhou'd your Influence no farther go,
Than thoſe that live, and look, and talk like you,
As juſt *Aſtræa*, from the World you'd Fly,
And Heav'n Oblige with better Company.

Gods! when we View the Beauties of your Mind,
Unmixt with Pride, Ambition, or Deſign,
Nature had fondly giv'n ſo vaſt a ſtore,
Had not your Family bin Prodigies before;
Wit unaffected, States, and Empires Rules,
Endears the Good, expoſes Fops and Fools.
If Wit alone Commands, and makes a Slave,
How many Thouſands muſt *Clarinda* have?
Whoſe Tongue, or Eyes, can either Kill or Save.

When

When Beauty mov'd, and Love, and Wit, firſt
( Took,
In ſoft, engaging Numbers, Lovers ſpoke,
Eaſy you Reign'd, and willingly they Bore,
The pleaſing Bondage of ſo juſt a Pow'r;
Like them of old, we Love, and like them too,
Artleſs we Write, of any thing, but you.

Heaven ne'er wants it's Thunder, yet the Air
Is ſometimes Calm, Serene, and very Clear,
Shou'd Storms ariſe, and Winds for ever Blow,
While Nature Triumph'd in ſo Wild a Show,
No longer we ſhou'd Reliſh Life below.
Like Heav'n, Madam, let your Goodneſs move,
While we Return our Wonder, and our Love,
And tho' you gently Reign, yet like the Skies,
Command your Lightning, when we Dare De-
( ſpiſe.

Upon

# Upon *Philis* Frowning.

*Philis*, thoſe Frowns will never Puniſh now,
Had you but Frown'd ſome Twenty Years ago,
Some injudicious Lover might have Whin'd,
And ſigh'd, becauſe his *Philis* were unkind;
Age now hath made your Forehead far from ſtreight,
By Planting Wrinkles, that the Young Men hate;
Nor do the Elder love a Wither'd Face,
By which they Read their own, as in a Glaſs,
Deaths Heads, and Skeletons, Phyſitians keep,
But never lay 'em by 'em when they ſleep.
Then Smile, my *Philis*, do, and Paint thy Skin,
Defye the Girls, and try to be Fifteen.

## To a *young Lady of Sixteen, upon her Marrying a Man of Seventy Three.*

IN vain, *Clarana*, Nature gave you Charms,
To ſpend your Youth, in *Niſus* Frozen Arms;
To hug a Poor, Inſenſible, Old Man;
Whoſe Teeth, and Eyes, as ~~well as~~ Taſt, ~~is~~ gone;
Or ſhou'd he have a Tooth, ( which few believe )
'Tis Odds, but with a Kiſs, the Tooth you have:
Had you bin ever Lewd, I ſhou'd have thought,
Some Pious Fancy had the Pennance Taught;
Yet this can never be, no Fear of Evil,
Cou'd ever make *Clarana* love the Devil;
No Popiſh Prieſt cou'd ſuch damn'd Doctrine tell,
To Merit Heaven, ſend a Soul to Hell;
'Twas Gold that Reconcil'd the Difference,
And made Sixteen with Seventy three diſpence.

Upon

## *Upon a Young Ladies Birth-Day.* Aged 7.

WHen Bolder Atheiſts Nature's power deny,
She gives the Wandring World a Pr- digy,
Eaſily Confounds their deepeſt laid Deſign,
Proving her Care, with ſomething ſtrangely Fine'
Such was her Work, when this Day's Welcome Light,
Made her, in you, Aſſert her utmoſt Right,
When Heav'n return'd, for Pains your Mother knew,
The moſt Engaging Bleſſing, Heav'n cou'd do,
And Bleſt not only her, but All, in you.
Long may you live, our Wonder, and our Care,
Witty as Great, and Good, as you are Fair,

You

You need not *Kneller*'s Paint, nor *Waller*'s Pen,
Nature, without their Art, deſign'd your Reign:
When Age ſhall ripen all thoſe Growing Charms,
And e'ery Look with wonderous Force Alarms;
When willingly a Thouſand Lovers Dye,
And tell their Heart, by ſpeaking with their Eye,
A mighty Empire, Madam, then you'll know,
While none Contends for Empire, but for you.

---

## To *Philis*.

FOr God ſake, *Philis*, be n't ſo Coy,
I never lov'd you yet, not I:
Had you Dreſt well, been Fair, and Clear,
And Sweet, and Clean, as others are;
Good natur'd, humble, Modeſt, Witty,
Fine, Well-bred, and ſomething Pretty,
Amidſt ten thouſand Lovers then,
*Philis*, 'tis odds, but you'd had ſome;

Nay,

Nay, I perhaps might then been Caught,
However, Lov'd you in a Fit,
When Drunk, or Mad, to *Philis* run,
And Kiſt her Mouth, and Curſt my own:
Tho' this may lucky prove, 'tis true,
To any one that Marrys you,
Shou'd he be Ill, and want to Spew,
'Tis only, *Philis*, viewing you;
Or ſhou'd he be adviſ'd to Sh——te,
The ſelf-ſame Object do's the Feat;
But ſhou'd my *Philis* e'er be Wed,
What Monſters, *Philis*, muſt you Breed;
With ſtaring Eyes, and Aſſes Ears,
With Monkeys Tales, and Skins like Bears;
For fear of this live Virgin ſtill,
And venture leading Apes in Hell.

# A SONG.

*Clarinda* ſtill diſputes my Love,
Unkind denys my Flame,
Tho' all my Looks my Paſſion prove,
Yet ſtill I Love in vain.

When Gods above their Lightning Throw,
The ſtrongeſt feel their Pow'r,
But this, *Clarinda*, they ne'er do,
'Till we refuſe t' Adore.

But you as Good, was you as Kind,
Can Unprovok'd Deſtroy,
Careleſs behold the Swain you find,
When he for you muſt Dye.

And tho' none Boaſts a better Right,
Yet let me this Adviſe,
Conceal thoſe Beauty's that Invite,
Or Pity him that Dyes.

*Hor.*

# *Hor.* ODE 34. *lib.* 1.

## *He Reſolves to be Religious.*

I Who the Deitys ſo ſeldom Pray'd,
But follow'd the Delights of Senſe,
That no Religion ever yet Obey'd,
But *Epicurus* fond Pretence,
My impious Error, have at laſt perceiv'd,
At laſt grown Good, and Vertue's Rules believ'd.

For very lately, *Jove*, I angry heard,
His Rolling Thunder rent the Sky,
The Wondering World, amaz'd, were all affraid,
And Trembl'd at his Majeſty,
His Lightning Prov'd his awful Reign and Pow'r,
And made me too, tho' very late, Adore,

How did he ſhake Remoteſt Lands and Seas?
The Noiſe, diſturb'd the very Dead,
The Ghoſts in Wild Diſorder all Aroſe,
And *Pluto*, tho' a God, Obey'd,

The

The Lightning Pierc'd his Shady Walks, ſo Bright,
His Weaker Flames were all Extinguiſht quite.

How does he ſport with greateſt Monarchs Pow'r?
Snatch from their Heads the Glorious Crown,
And make the Meaneſt, Royal Enſigns Wear,
To Prove all Kingdoms are his Own;
And under him, we ſee Blind Fortune Reigns,
Never more pleas'd than in the greateſt Change.

---

# ODE 9. *Hor.* Lib. 3.

## *A Dialogue betwixt* Hor. *and* Lydia.

*Horace.*

WHile I was welcome to my *Lydia*'s Arms,
And no ſmooth Youth had any Part,
How did I Prize my *Lydia*'s melting Charms?
And eager, gave her all my Heart:

No joys like what her amorous looks cou'd Teach,
Each happy Smile was worth a Crown,
No *Perſian* King was ever half ſo Rich,
As I, while *Lydia* was my Own.

*Lydia.*

Whilſt *Horace* Soul, my Beauty cou'd Inſpire,
And *Chloe*'s Charms, ne'er Warm'd his Breaſt,
How did I meet him with a Glowing Fire!
And never thought my ſelf ſo Bleſt.

His Seeming Paſſion gave Aſſurance too,
While Woods reſounded *Lydia*'s Name,
Too Credulous *Lydia* thought him True,
And often boaſted of the ſame.

*Horace.*

Ah *Lydia*, *Chloe* now has all my Heart,
For her I willingly wou'd dye,
*Chloe*, that Sings, and Plays, ſo fine a Part,
*Chloe*, her ſelf, all Harmony.

*Lydia.*

*Lydia.*

Ah *Horace*, *Calais* ſucceeds you now,
And Boaſts a finer Mien, and Air,
So much in Feats of Love out-does you too,
I'de dye two Deaths to ſave my Dear.

*Horace.*

What if my former Love returns again?
And I, for *Lydia* ſhou'd dye,
Fondly admire each Smile, and Dread each Frown,
And *Chloe*'s Charms again deny.

*Lydia.*

Tho' lovely *Calais* ſhines like any Star,
Is Young, and Gay, and Conſtant too,
Yet I muſt Own, I love my *Horace* more,
And I had rather live with you.

# ODE 19. *Hor.* Lib. 1.

## To *Glycera.*

*Venus* engages with her Art,
Officious *Cupid* Plays his Part;
Beſides, my Inclinations move,
And Wanton, ſtill are Preſſing Love;
*Glycera*, more Bright than Marbles Shines,
*Glycera*, my very Soul inclines;
Her Pretty Womanly Diſdain,
Doubles my Love, as well as Pain,
Every well Appointed Frown,
Makes me, *Glycera*, more your own:
How have I view'd that lovely Face!
How do I ſtill with Wonder Gaze!
*Venus* left her *Cyprian* Grove,
And came to teach me all her Love,

As ſoon as I the Goddeſs met,
She told me, ſhe wou'd have me Write,
But Write no more, ſays ſhe, of Wars,
That fill your Head with idle Fears,
How *Parthians* Fight, and Fighting Fly,
What is ſuch Stuff to you or I?
Write me ſome Stories that may move,
And Melt the Longing Girl with Love;
While trembling Limbs, and ſparkling Eyes,
Diſorder'd words, and ſhort-breath'd Sighs,
Show how ſhe Loves, and Loving, Dyes.
In this the Goddeſs I'll Obey,
In this ſame Place an Altar lay,
Here Offer at the Goddeſs Shrine,
And Beg ſhe wou'd, as now Incline,
And make the Charming *Glycera* mine.

# *The Parting.*

*Clarinda*'s Eyes have prov'd Love's Empire (True,
Made me, tho' long a Rebel, Own it (too;
When I, Commanded, took my laſt Farewell,
Gods! what ſtrange Diſorders did I feel!
How my ſwol'n Eyes diſcharg'd ther mighty ſtore!
And Wept, as tho' they'ad never Wept before;
As Snow around the Taller Mountains hangs,
Which Rain diſſolves, and to the Valleys brings,
Whoſe Rapid Torrent threatens all the Way,
Not ſtopt by Houſes till it Reach the Sea:
So was it, when my Eyes, brim-full, o'erflow'd,
None ſaw the Stream, but fear'd the growing (Flood;
And had not I, thro' Weakneſs, Dy'd away,
No doubt, but I my Self had made a Sea:

Often

Often I'ad heard of *Venus*, and her Son,
Often been told what Miracles they'ad done;
How they cou'd make the Obſtinateſt ſigh,
Nay more, much more, admire, adore, and dye;
But theſe were idle, ſenceleſs Tales to me,
An Infidel in Love's Divinity:
*Venus*, I thought, might Charm ſome Amorous Youth,
And *Cupid*'s Beauty might have bin a Truth,
But to Believe his Arrows, Bow, and Darts,
Were Form'd to Murder, or to Soften Hearts,
Were Stuff, I thought, but find it very True,
And willingly Retract my Error now.
Some Months agon, as I *Clarinda* Gaz'd,
My Heart unuſual Pulſes Beat, amaz'd,
I unaccountably began to Sigh,
But ſoon, diſorder'd all, thought Death were nigh,
Ne'er Dreamt of Love, i'th' leaſt, not I;
Till One, whom long Experience made Wiſe,
Told me 'twas Love, the Symptoms had bin his:

No ſooner had he told me what he knew,
But ſtrait an Arrow from Love's Quiver flew,
And prov'd his Story litterally True.
Forgive me, *Cupid*, tho' I late Adore,
I Feel, as well as Dread the Conquerour,
And if I e'er again Reflect on Thee,
May I be Damn'd for my Apoſtacy.

Forgive me, *Venus*, for I've injur'd you,
Profane, ne'er Worſhipt, as I Ought to doe;
Forgive me, lovely Maid, to you I Bow,
'Fore you have ſinn'd, and humbly Own it too;
To ſee *Clarinda*, and to Rail at Love,
Deſerv'd no leſs than Thunder from above:
Tho' you 'ave no need of Forreign Aid, or Skill,
Your Eyes with Lightning can as ſurely Kill,
Sooner the Gyants might their Heaven Scale,
Than I againſt *Clarinda*'s Force, Prevail;
But Oh! when I a full Obedience ſhow'd,
And Own'd you Fair, and found you very Good,
Not Proud, Reſerv'd, nor yet more Free,
Than Well-bred Ladies always ought to be,

How

How happy was I thought by all that knew!
How ſmoothly did the pleaſing Minutes Flow!
Till that, (too too ſevere Decree) that Day,
Curſe on it's Light! that Hurry'd me away;
Not Trembling Ghoſts with more Abhorrence (Go,
Change their Abodes, for Gloomy Walks below,
Than I, Confounded, from *Clarinda* Went,
Plung'd in the Deepeſt Sea of Diſcontent.

---

# *Horace*, ODE 29. Lib. 1.

## *To* Iccius.

### *Upon his Changing his Study of Philoſophy for that of War.*

MUch did I wonder, *Iccius*, when I heard,
That you, mov'd with th' *Arabian* (Gold,
Had Chang'd the Courſe that you ſo long had (ſteer'd,
And all your Eaſe, and Freedom ſold.

That

That you Philoſophy ſhou'd leave for War!
And growing Old, begin to Fight,
Chains for *Sabean* Kings, and *Medes* prepare,
A Work you never thought of yet.

What lovely Virgin ſhall Entreat my Friend,
Rob'd of the Charming Youth ſhe lov'd?
What Royal Boy your Hapineſs attend,
With joys that *Iccius* always Mov'd?

Who now Affirms that Floods mayn't backwards
(Run?
Nay *Tyber*'s ſelf, forſake her Courſe,
Like other Streams, ſee Springs where ſhe begun,
And 'ffright the Mountains with their Force.

Since you, your well choſe Books aſide have laid,
And all the Pleaſure Learning brings,
Begin to learn a bloody dangerous Trade,
That always promis'd better Things.

ODE

# ODE 31.

*He asks a moderate Fortune, with much Health.*

WHat will the Poet ask the Gods to day?
For what, when he performs his Offerings, Pray?
Not for the Rich *Sardinia*'s Fruitful Ground,
Nor Fatted Herds, in Dry *Calabria* found;
Not Gold, nor Ivory, nor Richeſt Meads,
Where Deep, but Pleaſant *Lyris* ſilent Glides;
Let them that have 'em, Prune their Tender Trees,
Manage with Care, what ever Fortune gives;
Let the Rich Merchant, ſafe Arriv'd at laſt,
In Golden Goblets, drink a mighty Draught,
Thank Heaven for his Deliverance from Harms,
Out-ſailing Pyrats, and out living Storms:

Olives,

Olives, and Mallows, rather be my Food,
Eaſe, my Delight, and Books, my Chiefeſt Good.

---

## *The Golden Age.*

SUch was the World, when no Contention (Reign'd,
When Heaven with Eaſe, and Plenty, bleſt (Mankind,
When Nature, in a Pure, but ſimple Dreſs,
Taught Men the trueſt way to Happineſs;
E'er Artifice, Intrigue, Cunning, Deſign,
Had yet employ'd the Buſie States-Man's Mind;
E'er Bolder Atheiſts durſt Diſpute the Earth,
And make it take an Accidental Birth;
Owe all its Order to a Lucky Chance,
When Merry Attoms were diſpos'd to Dance;
Or make it an Eternal Being have,
As God was always, and muſt always live:
As Light by Emanation from the Sun,
So Heaven, and Earth, and Seas, from God to (come:
No,

No, the later Traces of th' Almighty's Care,
Taught 'em much juſter Notions of his Pow'r,
That he, in Time, Call'd from Eternal Night,
A Glorious Day, with Chearful Beams of Light,
And made a ſhapeleſs Lump, of Form admit,
And Order ſhine thro' all the Parts of it;
Long e'er Ambition yet the People knew,
Or Intereſt, to make what's Falſe, ſeem True,
Princes ( for e'ery Parent were as ſuch )
Ne'er thought of Fighting, but of Loving, much;
No Swords, or Spears, were yet Contriv'd, or ( Made,
No impious Ships, the Foaming Billows dar'd,
But Men, and Boats, the ſwelling Surges Feard:
The Aged Oak, ne'er ſopt in Briny Seas,
Securely kept the Wood, its Native Place,
Tho' Murm'ring Winds the Younger Branches ( Bow'd,
The Body ſtood, as mighty Mountains did,
Ne'er Mov'd, but when the laboring Earth in Pain,
Preſt with ſome Pent-up Wind, began to Groan,

And

And in extremity, by Force o'erthrow,
Vaſt Trees, ſtrong Houſes, Talleſt Mountains too;
The Ocean was, as Heaven at firſt Deſign'd,
A certain Boundary to part Mankind;
The Floating Monſters kept their Watery home,
Not more avoiding Men, than they did Them;
'Til Wanton Luxury began to pleaſe,
And Taught the World t'invade their Propertys,
Brave Death, for various ſorts of Meat,
To ſatisfie a Fooliſh Appetite,
Or what's ſtill worſe, for Gold, they cou'd not Eat.
Wou'd Heav'n I 'ad been at firſt th' Almighty's Care,
And had an early Being any where,
Or elſe had been reſerv'd for later Days,
When Men by long Experience grow Wiſe.

# The *Second* Idyllium *of* Moſchus.

## *EUROPA.*

WHen firſt *Europa*, *Venus* care appear'd,
A ſudden Dream, the Lovely Nymph (prepar'd,
'Twas then, when Night, her Darker Work had (done,
And Bluſhing Morn, her Chearful Dreſs put on,
*Europa* Dreamt, (and ſure in Dreams there is
More than we think, at leaſt there was in this)
She Dream't, two different Lands to her laid (Claim,
The One ſhe knew, the Other not by Name,
Theſe like Two Matrons, both, their Right de- (clare,
And each Aſſerted what ſhe ſaw in Her:
One ſaid, and juſtly too, ſhe Brought her Forth,
The other, Pow'r pleaded, tho' not Birth,

For

For *Jove* himſelf, *Europa* is deſign'd,
Too great a Bleſſing for a Humane Mind:
This, tho' a Dream, the Tender Nymph had (Movd,
She Wiſht, ſhe Fear'd, and what ſhe Fear'd, ſhe (Lov'd.
Tell me, ye Gods, (ſhe ſaid) for you muſt know,
Whoſe Eyes diſcover Fate in *Embrio*,
What makes the poor *Europa* Tremble ſo?
The Stranger that I ſaw, ſo Charming was,
Such Sweetneſs in her Words, her Looks, her (Face,
No harm, can ſure, with ſo much Goodneſs (Dwell,
And yet, methinks, I ſtrange Diſorders feel,
This Thought diſtracts, but why, I cannot tell:
This ſaid, her little Play-fellows ſhe ſought,
Thinking, that they might ſome Relief have (brought,
But they, alas! of what ſhe felt, Untaught;
With theſe ſhe often Paſt her Hours away,
And was till now, as Undiſturb'd as they,
The Tender Nymphs lament her Growing Cares,
And kindly wiſh, that all her Fears were theirs;

One

One takes her by the Hand, and gently leads,
The Maid ſtill Trembling, to the Verdant Meads,
Where various kinds of Plants their Care became,
And Flowers, willing to be Cropt by them:
A Golden Cup, the Fam'd *Europa* bore,
Finer than *Vulcan* e'er had made before,
A Gift, the God on *Lybia* beſtow'd,
When firſt ſhe Bleſt th' admiring *Neptune*'s Bed;
*Lybia* with this did *Telepheſſa* Try,
For none ſo Worthy of the Gift as ſhe,
At laſt the Cup the Young *Europa* had,
Fair *Telepheſſa*'s Daughter, yet a Maid.
The Tender *Io*, *Inachus*'s Care,
As firſt by *Jove* Transform'd, was Painted here;
The Story told, what Pains he took to Gain,
At once his Love, and Cheat his jealous Queen;
Here *Mercury*, and *Argus* hundr'd Eyes,
A live leſs ſtrange, than when beheld on this,
Such was the Cup the young *Europa* bore,
Worthy great *Vulcan*'s Art, and worthy her.

The Nymphs no ſooner in the Meadows were,
Where Daſies, Violets, and Cowſlips are,
But all to Gather what they like, Prepare:
But ſtill *Europa* did the reſt Surpaſs,
As much in Air, in Mien, in Wit, and Face,
As *Venus* do's before the Graces ſhine,
When Art, and Beauty, ſpeak her moſt Divine:
While thus ſhe ſhone, a Wondering God lookt down,
And looking, quickly left his Starry Throne,
*Europa*'s Eyes, far brighter than the Light,
That Gilds the Spangl'd Firmament by Night;
But *Juno*, always jealous of her *Jove*,
For well ſhe knew how *Venus* Arts cou'd move,
To jilt the Queen, he Chang'd the God, and Fled,
And as a Bull, within thoſe Paſtures Fed,
Where Fair *Europa*, and the Virgins Play'd:
A Bull, but ſtill a Form Divine he bore,
Finer by much than e'er they'ad ſeen before,
*Europa* went, (her little Friends ſtood by)
To Touch the Charming Bull that Graz'd ſo nigh,

The

The Bull Came on, and like a Lover Bow'd,
To ſteal a Kiſs, and Wonder'd when ſhe ſtood;
*Europa* Wip'd the Eager Foam away,
And Kiſt his Lips, and Bid the Virgins ſtay,
He Low'd, but with ſo ſoft, ſo ſmooth an Air,
The Sound was Muſick to the Niceſt Ear,
Then Bent his Knees, and Greedy View'd her Face,
Proud to Lye down, and Tumble where ſhe was.
*Europa*, Pleas'd to ſee a Sight ſo new,
Call'd all the Nymphs, and ſcarce believ'd it True;
Often, my Friends, We'ave in theſe Meadows Play'd,
And yet, we never Play'd till now, ſhe ſaid,
Let's ſit upon this Bull, his Back's ſo Broad,
His ſtrength's ſo great, he'll eas'ly bear the Load,
His Look's ſo pleaſing, and his Air's ſo Free,
He differs from the reſt, as much as we;
A Soul he has, ſuch as great Heroes know,
Cou'd he but ſpeak, like them, I'de love him too,
With this ſhe ſate upon the Bull, and Rode,
The other Virgins came to Mount the God,

But *Jove*, ſecure of what he lov'd ſo Dear,
With haſty Flight, he made the diſtant Shore,
And Leapt the Deep, tho' he *Europa* Bore :
She call'd her Play-fellows, but all in vain,
He left his Heaven above, for her, not them ;
The Sea once Gain'd, the Foaming Waves he Treads,
When all the Watery People move their Heads ;
The Sea-Nymphs pay their Homage to the Pair,
But Worſhip *Jove* himſelf, no more than her ;
Prodigious Whales their mighty Bodies Move,
For *Neptune* Taught the Honours due to *Jove*,
And he himſelf appear'd amidſt the Throng,
While *Tritons* ſweetly ſung the Marri'ge Song.
Thus was *Europa* in the Deep Careſt,
A Debt but juſt, to her that *Jove* had Bleſt ;
But ſtill, her Country left, Companions too,
And yet no Shore ſhe ſaw, no Mountain knew,
'Twas Heaven all above, 'twas Sea below :
A ſight ſo ſad, Oblig'd the Nymph to ſay,
Whoever thou art, that thus canſt make thy Way,
Where wou'dſt thou have the Poor *Europa* ſtray?

Ships

Ships big as Mountains, thro' the Seas have ſteer'd,
But Bulls I thought, the Waves had always fear'd;
What Drink can I in Briny Waters find?
What Meat? if th'art a God, like Heav'n be Kind,
Conduct me Back, and leave me there behind:
Dolphins avoid the Land, and Bulls the Sea,
But Land, or Water, all's the ſame to thee;
Next thou'lt with Wings, like Birds, perhaps prepare,
To Mount the Skies, and Cut the Yielding Air.
Unhappy Maid! ſo late my Mother's Care,
With whom I Wander now, unknown, or where,
Kind *Neptune* hear thy Suppliant's Pray'r,
Grant me Relief, and Eaſe my Wonderous Fear,
Allay'd alone by this, in hopes that you,
May prove the God, that Bears *Europa* now.
At this the Bull, in happy'ſt Accents ſpoke,
And *Jove* diſcover'd, in each Word, and Look,
Fear not *Europa*, Heavens peculiar Care,
'Tis he Conducts you, that deſign'd you Fair,

Your Guide with Thunder ſhakes the Sky,
When Earth or Heav'n diſputes his Majeſty,
And ſhall he fear the Surges of the Sea?
*Crete* ſhall Receive my Charge, and own you Queen,
No Ruffling Cares ſhall ever Interveen,
Betwixt this Day, and Ages yet unſeen:
Lockt in your Arms, in Balmy Joyes I'll lye,
And then, my Dear, I'll prove Divinity,
A Race of Heroes ſhall *Europa* Grace,
Their Father's Courage, with their Mother's Face,
Theſe prove their Force, and make the Trembling Earth,
Admire their Power, and freely own their Birth.
Thus while he ſpoke, her Ghaſtly Thoughts all Fled,
And willingly *Europa* loſt her Maiden-Head.

*Idyll.*

## *Idyll.* 3.

# Bion's *EPITAPH.*

WEep all ye Woods, in mournful Whiſpers Breath,
And tell the Neighb'ring Groves of *Bion*'s Death;
Ye Murm'ring Brooks, the Fatal News declare,
'Till diſtant Seas the diſmal Tidings hear;
Ye tender Plants Lament, your Loſs Bemoan,
No more your juices boaſt, your Virtues own,
'Tis juſt you periſh, when your *Bion*'s gone:
Ye ſpringing Flowers, with-hold your Fragrant Smell,
Ye Roſes, Violets, and Cowſlips tell,
How good he liv'd, how much lamented fell.
Sing ye *Sicilian* Muſes *Bion*'s Fate,
For only you can ſound a Grief ſo great.

Let tuneful *Philomel*, from thickeſt Boughs,
In dying Notes, the Herdſman's Death diſcloſe,
Till *Arethuſa*'s ſtreams receive the News;
The *Doric* Muſe no longer loves the Plains,
But hates the Herdſmen, and their Skill diſdains,
When *Bion* ſung, ſo good his Song, his Theme,
She proudly boaſted, what ſhe heard from him.
Ye Swans, that ſporting on the Waters Play,
Droop all your Wings, and Weep the Fatal Day,
In Notes, ſuch as were his, your Tuneful Voices Try,
No Common Breath ſhou'd ſound his Elegy;
Acquaint the Diſtant Virgins with your Song,
That often heard the Muſick of his Tongue,
And Sigh'd, as Mov'd by that, his Wonderous Skill,
But Panting Breaſts, and Wiſhing Eyes reveal,
What they, unhappy Nymphs, wou'd fain conceal.
Sing ye *Sicilian* Muſes, *Bion*'s Fate,
For only you can ſound a Grief ſo great.
The Cows, ſo late, th' Indulgent Herdſman's care,
Refuſe their Food, and Wander any where,

No

No more, an Aged Oak ſhall boaſt he ſate,
And kindly made her ſwelling Root his Seat;
No more, her Liſt'ning Boughs ſhall hear him Play,
And Curſe the Wind, that bore the Sound away.
Sing ye *Sicilian* Muſes, *Bion*'s Fate,
For only you can ſound a Grief ſo great.

When firſt his Death the great *Apollo* knew,
He Mourn'd, they *Satyrs* Wept, *Priapus* too,
*Pan* miſt his Notes, and ſighing, ſadly ſaid,
Lament ye Nymphs, the Artful *Bion*'s dead;
The liſtning Eccho, in her Cavern ly's,
As *Bion* dumb, and ſcorns the Vulgar Noiſe,
The Trees refuſe their Fruit, their Leaves all Caſt,
And Withering Flowers fondly Breath their laſt,
The Dolphin Weeps, and Wanders o'er the Shore,
The Nightingale, in Notes unknown before,
By Grief inſtructed, ſings the Word, *No more.*
The thouſand Birds beſide, ſo late his Care,
Affrighted, tell their Parents what they hear,
And gratefully to ſing his Death prepare.

But

But who ſhall e'er Attempt his Oaten Pipe,
So lately ſounded by ſo Sweet a Lip;
The Eccho keeps the happy Songs he made,
*Pan* has his Pipe, but *Pan* to Play's affraid.
Sing ye *Sicilian* Muſes, *Bion*'s Fate,
For only you can ſpeak a Grief ſo great.
Poor *Galatea* Weeps, ſhe who ſo late,
Admir'd his Strains, and liſt'ning ſate
And often Wiſh'd, ſhe cou'd his Songs repeat.
Had *Cyclop* Play'd like him, his Tunes ſo good,
The Nymph had follow'd, never Fled the God,
For *Bion*'s ſake, ſhe Treads the loneſom Shore,
And Feeds the Herds, with him ſhe Fed before;
No more endearing Songs, the Muſes Boaſt,
With him their Songs are gone, their Numbers loſt,
No more the Tender Virgins Kiſſes Move,
No more they hear the Stories of his Love:
Attend ye Loves, and ſpeak your *Venus* Loſs,
More than *Adonis* ſhe her *Bion*'s was.

When

When *Homer* Dy'd, *Caliope* ſhe Sung,
And told the Wonders of her *Homer*'s Tongue,
How he cou'd Move, 'or Thunder in his Song:
*Bion* a Bard, as great as he, 's no more,
His Thoughts as good, his Verſe, his Skill, his Pow'r
One drunk the Stream from *Pegaſus* that flow'd,
The other *Arethuſa*'s, full as good;
One told of Wars, what Wonders ſome had done,
As *Menelaus*, and great *Thetis* Son:
The other ſung his *Pan*, his *Pan* his Care,
His *Pan*, the Virgins, and his Herds, his Fear;
He taught the Youth t' attempt the lovely Priſe,
And tell his Heart, by ſpeaking with his Eyes;
He taught the Nymph, to Move the Rougheſt Swain,
And make him ſigh, admire, and dye in vain,
And own a Conqueſt, when ſhe pleas'd to Reign.
Sing ye *Sicilian* Muſes, *Bion*'s Fate,
For only you can ſound a Grief ſo great.
Vaſt Cities Mourn'd, that once admir'd his Song,
Not *Aſera*, for her *Heſiod*, wept ſo long:

*Boetian*

*Boetian* Woods their lofty *Pindar* ſpar'd,
With leſs Reluctance, than his Death they heard;
The ſtrong Wall'd *Lesbus*, lov'd *Alcæus* leſs,
And *Ceius* City will the ſame Confeſs;
*Parus Archilochus* lov'd leſs by far,
And *Mitylena Sappho*, tho' her Care;
*Auſonian* Strains, my Numbers Move,
Such as the Muſes, and their *Bion*, love,
Whoſe Pipe, rather than all his Herds, I'de have.
The Plants, the Product of a Fruitful Earth,
They dye like us, but know a ſecond Birth;
But Man, tho' great, tho' good, tho' ſtrong, tho' Wiſe,
Can dye but once, and never more muſt riſe:
Cou'd any thing Exempt, our *Bion*'s Skill
Had ſav'd the Bard, and all had known him ſtill;
'Twas Poyſon kill'd him, but 'twas very ſtrange,
His ſweeter Breath the Poyſon did not Change.
O that I, as *Orpheus* once, cou'd Tread,
Or, as *Alcides*, or *Ulyſſes* did,
I'de quickly pay a Viſit to his ſhade.

And

And if he Plays below, I'de hear, and ſee,
What Modes, what Strains, will pleaſe the Deity,
In vain *Eurydice* had *Orpheus* Mourn'd,
Without his Muſick ſhe had ne'er return'd,
As *Orpheus* her, may I, my Friend receive,
I'll Pipe to Try, and Dye, to make him live.

---

## *Anacreon*, ODE 3.

WHen ſilent Night, the Wand'ring Signs (employ'd,
And Weary Mortals welcome Sleep (enjoy'd,
Young *Cupid* came, and made a Woeful Noiſe,
Knocking, and calling, with a loud, ſhrill Voice,
Open your Doors, my Friend, no harm I'll do,
I'm but a Boy, a very young one too,
All Wet, I'ave Wander'd in a Rainy Night,
The Moon, or Stars, ſcarce giving any Light:
Mov'd by ſo ſad a Tale, I haſty ran,

The

And ſtruck a Light, and let the Traveller in,
Amaz'd! I ſaw a Youth all Arm'd appear,
A Quiver, Bow, and Pointed Arrows Bear,
He haſted to the Fire, his Form ſcarce ſeen,
'Till I drew near, and Warm'd his Hands with mine,
The Cold by th' Heat expell'd, he Pertly ſpoke,
Let us go take my Bow, my Friend, and look,
If all is Right, for if it's ſpoyl'd I'm Broke.
He drew his Bow, and by a Wonderous Slight,
Through all my Fleſh, my very Heart he Hit,
A Frenzy ſiez'd me, and I Feel it yet.

---

## ODE 12. *Anac.*

## The Swallow.

SAy, thou damn'd Diſturber of my Reſt,
Thou Pratling Swallow, worſt of all thy Neſt,
How ſhall I Puniſh thee? for I'll no more
Endure thy Early Noiſe, as heretofore;

What

What if I Clipt thy Wings? or Cut thy Tongue?
As *Tereus*, *Philomela* ſerv'd when Young?
For when *Bathillus* Moves with ſofteſt Charms,
And I all Melting Lye within his Arms,
The Boy I looſe, by your Confounded Note,
So often Eccho'd through your Squeaking Throat.

---

## ODE 15. *Anac.*

I Value not great *Gyges* Wealth, not I,
Nor all the Gold the Richeſt Kings enjoy,
Give me Refreſhing Oyntments, that are Fine,
And Oyl, to make my Beard and Temples ſhine;
Let ſweeteſt Roſes Grace each Curling Hair,
And thus Adorn'd, than they, I'm greater far,
To Day I'll live, and make it all my Own,
For who can tell the Curſe to Morrow may bring
(on?
Then take great *Bacchus*, all my Sacrifice,
Let ſome invidious, Damn'd Diſeaſe,
Shou'd think I 'ad Drunk enough, and bid me
(Ceaſe.

ODE

## ODE 26.

AS *Bacchus* with his Fiery Face is ſeen,
So I, when Drunk, a Hero, look like him;
Richer than *Cræſus* too, I ſeem to be,
And thinking ſo, at leaſt am full as Rich as he;
I Laugh, and Sing, as happy Mortals do,
And when the Ivy Chaplets Deck my Brow,
I ſcorn whatever elſe is found Below.
A Noiſe of War makes ſome in Haſte get up,
When they take their Arms, I take my Cup,
For I have often in my Drinking ſaid,
I'ad rather far be very Drunk, than Dead,

## ODE 40.

WHile *Cupid* ſnatcht ſome Roſes from a Tree,
Thoughtleſs of Harm, an envious, ſpiteful Bee,
Fixes

Fixes her Sting, and Draws his Tender Blood;
The Boy Affrighted, Shrieks, and Crys aloud,
And Runs, and Flys, to tell his Wretched Fate,
More ſad by much, than ever happen'd yet;
*Venus* receives him with a Parent's Care,
But ſtill his Wound Torments him with new Fear,
I Dye, I Dye, I Dye, I'm Kill'd, he ſayd,
This Moment, Mother, you will ſee me Dead,
A little Prickly Serpent, ſuch as Fly,
I think the People ſay it is a Bee,
Aſſaulted me, and ſtung me as you ſee.
*Venus* ſmil'd, and Kiſt her Son, and ſaid,
The Danger's not ſo great as you're affraid;
If little Bees can ſting with ſo much Force,
Your Pointed Darts, my Dear, muſt needs be
(Worſe.

---

# ODE 52.

## *The Roſe.*

I Sing the Happy Product of the Spring,
The Roſe, the Sweeteſt, Deareſt Offering;

It's Fragant Smell, like that of Heav'n above,
Commands at once, our Wonder, and our Love;
The Graces chooſe it in their Amorous Play,
When fineſt Dreſt, with this alone they're Gay;
The Prickly Arms that Nature has beſtow'd,
Proves thee much more her Care, and not leſs Good,
For if with theſe the Gatherer you hurt,
A full Amends your Odors make him for't;
When Preſt, the ſofteſt Boſom may Admit,
And tho' 'twas Fine before, 'tis ſtill more Sweet;
*Bacchus* invites thee, as a Welcome Gueſt,
When e'er the Deity prepares a Feaſt.
*Aurora*, when ſhe Riſes, views thy Form,
And Grants thy Beauties Finer than her own;
The Nymphs, with Roſes, all Adorn their Bed,
And *Cyprian Venus*, by the Poets too is ſaid,
To Bluſh with ſuch, or ſcarce ſo good a Red:
Thou art a Med'cine to the Fainting Sick,
When Nature ſinks, thou Fetcheſt back the Weak,
Or if they Dye, thou keep'ſt their Bodies ſweet,
In ſpite of Time, and all the Injuries of it:

When

When Poets prove thy firſt, and mighty Birth,
They bring thy Origin from Heav'n, not Earth,
To ſpring with *Venus*, when the Foaming Sea,
Gave *Venus* Birth, her Sweets they ſay, gave Thee.

---

# ODE 28.

## *To a Painter.*

PAint me, Great Artiſt, my *Clarinda*'s Face,
Her Shape, and all the Beauty's that ſhe has;
And if your Colours will admit a Gum,
Draw her with all the Odors that Perfume,
Or give her Breath, and there's no need of them.
Paint her with Eyes, that wou'd a Hermit Move,
And make him leave his Cell, and Own his Love;
*Minerva*'s never Darted ſuch a Flame,
Nor was Great *Venus*, greater Power, like them:
Make her Endearing Cheeks with lovely Red,
Like Virgin Bluſhes in the Marriage Bed;
Her Pleaſing Lips, with Extaſie of Bliſs,
A Prince wou'd give a Kingdom for a Kiſs.

Paint her, when ſtrongeſt Paſſions Heave her Breaſt,
And leave a Deep Impreſſion to be Gheſt;
Cou'd Pulſes in your Colours Dance like Hers,
The World wou'd quickly Turn Idolaters,
The Painter's Skill exceed the Poet's Thought,
And all Mankind wou'd Wonder at your Art;
But Draw her Good, as all her Actions are,
In ſuch a Garb as Veſtal Virgins Wear,
Yet if you can, let ſome ſmall part be ſeen,
To tell the many Thouſand Charms within.
Enough: Her Form is fixt within my Eye,
I'll Draw her thus, and all the World ſhall ſee,
The niceſt Piece that e'er a Painter Drew,
*Clarinda*, Looking, Thinking, Speaking too.

---

## The Second *Idyll.* of *Bion.*

A Youth a ſhooting in a Wood,
With eager Haſt his Game purſu'd,
Where ſporting *Cupid* ſoon appear'd,
The Boy of *Cupid* ne'er had heard;

But

But pleas'd, to ſee a Bird, tho' high,
So Tame, as if it cou'd not Fly,
His Arrows Fixt, his Bow he Drew,
But all his Arrows awkward Flew,
VVhile *Cupid* leap'd from Bough to Bough;
His Arrows ſpent, away he ran,
VVhere ſoon he met an Older Man,
And told him all, and *Cupid* ſhow'd,
The God ſtill Perching in the VVood:
The Old Man ſmil'd, and told the Boy,
No Arrows cou'd that Game deſtroy:
Be gone, he ſaid, your Sport give o'er,
To Kill that Bird's in no Man's Pow'r,
When Prompting Nature ſpeaks you Fit,
The Bird that now will not be Hit,
Will then upon your Shoulders ſit.

---

# The Third *Idyll.* of *Bion.*

WHen happy Dreams, which make the { Wretched Bleſt,
Had Baniſh'd Cares, and Charm'd my { Soul to Reſt,
Amaz'd,

Amaz'd, methoughts I ſaw a Goddeſs ſtand,
Holding a little Wanton by the Hand;
My Head I Mov'd, my Weary Body Bow'd,
Thinking the Airy Phantom wou'd have Fled:
When *Venus* told me, ſhe had *Cupid* brought,
To learn to Sing, (an Art I ſome times Taught)
This ſaid, The Goddeſs ſmil'd, and left her Son,
Fond of my Charge, I Paſtorals begun;
I ſhow'd how *Pan*, with happy Strains was Mov'd,
What Sounds *Apollo*, and *Minerva*, lov'd;
But ſporting *Cupid*, ſtill Untaught, Remain'd,
Laugh'd at my Method, and my Skill diſdain'd,
A thouſand little Wanton Songs begun,
And told me Stories, what the Gods had done,
Who lov'd his Mother, who her Favour Won.
While I, pleas'd with th' endearing Thought,
Knew what he ſaid, but what I did, Forgot.

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## *Anacreon*, ODE 50.

*Bacchus* Deſcends, and leavs his Heaven (above,
To Teach us how to drink, and how to love,
He

He makes us in our Cups, all Great, and Wiſe,
And ſcorn the Threatning Dangers that Ariſe;
The ſtrongeſt Wine, the ſooneſt do's inſpire,
And gives a double Portion of Love's Fire;
Enſur'd by Wine, no Tedious Diſeaſe
Diſturbs our Mirth, or Dares our Body ſieze;
Our Spirits are Sublime, Refin'd, and Free,
And like our Notions, Airy, Brisk, and Gay;
Our Pleaſing Joys are Conſtant too, and long,
For when the Vintage, and the Seaſon's done,
A kind ſucceeding Vintage ſtill comes on.

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# ODE 56.

MY Hoary Temples ſpeak me very Old,
And all my Crown once Cover'd, now all Bald,
Youth hath withdrawn her Image from my Face,
And made my Mouth, the Force of Time Confeſs;
The ſmall Remains of Life are a'moſt ſpent,
And VVeakn'd Nature ſtaggers, and I Faint,
To think the loneſom, Melancholy Road,
The Journey to the Shades, the Dead all Tread,

The

The *Stygean* God's Infernal Seat's ſo Deep,
So Pitchy Dark, as well as Wonderous Steep!
Secure he keeps the Paſſengers Below,
And none Return, to tell us what they do.

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# A DREAM.

I Dreamt, and in my Dream, methoughts I ſaw,
The Good *Anacreon*, he call'd me too;
I Ran with haſt, and ſoon Embrac'd the Bard,
Wonder'd to ſee *Anacreon*, but not Scar'd;
His Viſage ſpoke him Old, but Fair, and Clear,
Comely, and Merry, as he always Were,
His Lips were Colour'd, and his Breath as Fine,
As when alive, Perfum'd with Richeſt Wine;
Young *Cupid* Waited on him, as a Friend,
And when he Reel'd, he held him by the Hand;
The Poet Kindly gave me, as I Stood,
A well Choſe Garland, Rich, and very Good,
I Fondly Fixt the Preſent to my Head,
Proud of a Gift the Great *Anacreon* made,
And ever ſince the Fatal Time I knew,
I Thirſt like him, and Burn as Lovers do.

*FINIS.*